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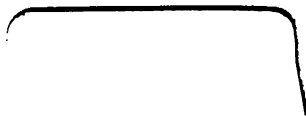
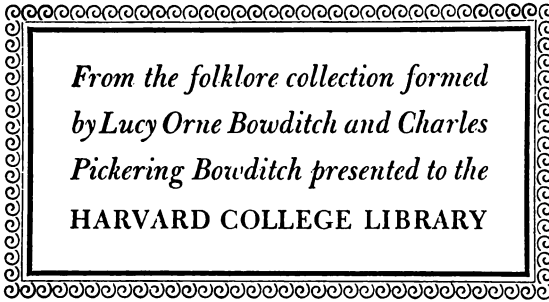
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Early English Text Society.

Hymns to the Virgin & Christ,
The Parliament of Devils,
and other
Religious Poems,

CHIEFLY FROM
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S LAMBETH MS. No. 858.

EDITED BY
FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,
M.A., TRIN. HALL, CAMB.; MEMBER OF COUNCIL OF THE PHILOLOGICAL
AND EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETIES.

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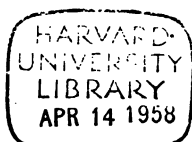
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PREFACE.

AFTER telling Mrs Gaskell one day a story for the truth of which I could not vouch, she said, with her beautiful bright smile, "Now I'm going to believe that, whether it's true or not. It ought to be true." On looking through the Lambeth MS. 853, which Mr Stubbs kindly handed to me in Lambeth Palace Library, I could not help saying, "I'll print it all, whether it contains early versions or late ; it *is* a jolly little Manuscript" :—a chubby vellum quarto, written in a large, clear, upright hand, which looked at first sight fourteenth century, but which the Museum authorities whom I afterwards consulted put at about 1430 A.D. As nice a little volume as one would wish to handle ; a pleasing contrast to the shabby, scrubby, paper Percy folio of two hundred years later that I am now working at. Accordingly, the whole MS. is in type for the Society, and I hope members have no cause to regret it, for though earlier versions of some of the poems are no doubt in existence,—I have printed one at least sixty years older at pp. 106, 108, 110, 112, to show how the late text has changed¹—yet the Lambeth MS. has given us the better text of *The Complaint of Christ*, in "Political, Religious, and Love Poems," (E.E.T.S., 1866,) a better text of "The Parliament of Devils" than that printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and the best texts yet printed of the far-famed *Stans Puer ad Mensam*, "How the Good Wife taught her Daughter," and "How the Wise Man taught his Son," &c.: these, besides other poems of considerable

¹ Two words at least of the earlier text—*sauzten* and *onsauzte*, "to reconcile" and "unreconciled, at enmity," p. 108, l. 37-38, were unknown to the late scribe, and were changed by him to *soften* and *unsoft*.

beauty and interest in the present volume, and the other Texts I have lately edited, or am now editing, for the Society. The early Englishman, like the modern one, was a religious and superstitious person, and as any one in 2360 A.D. should know of us, that in many educated (or deducated¹) persons' minds now, baptism by an episcopally-ordained clergyman is necessary to salvation, that a man's being drowned while boating on Sunday is a just judgment of God, whereas a similar death on Monday is a sad accident, with a hundred other like notions²; so we should know of our forefathers, if we would estimate them aright, what their religious belief and superstitious fancies were. Mary-worship, Parliament of Devils, Stations of Rome, St Gregory's Trental, and what not: let us have them all; all the nonsense, as well as the expressions of the pure, simple faith, that through life and death our men of old held to. And a survey of our early religious poetry will, I believe,—and so far as I may speak from some work at it,—result in a verdict favourable to the plain good sense

¹ We sadly want some word like this *deducate, deducation, &c.*, to denote the wilful down-leading into prejudice and unreason, in Politics at least, so prevalent in England and everywhere else, to support unjust social arrangements and abuses because they exist, or are in the interest of a powerful class, &c. Let any one think of the amount of deducation attempted about the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the old and modern Reform Bills, the late American War, &c., and then see how hard the deducators still are at their work!

² "Dr Pusey has written another letter to the *Times*, stating his opinion of absolution. He believes that Christ, conferring upon the Apostles the power to remit sins, intended to confer it also upon their 'successors.' He therefore holds that every successor has the power to remit the sins of penitent persons as fully as Christ himself could have done; and so he affirms, on the authority of the Ordination Service, the Church of England also holds. *In other words*, Christ intended to leave the salvation of souls dependent on the will of such human beings as can be proved to have been ordained by the ordained up through the ages to Himself. One single unordained Bishop, say in the middle ages or the third century, would spoil the whole arrangement. Why does not Dr Pusey claim the power of working miracles given to the Apostles at the same time? The invisibility of the power is no greater obstacle in the one case than the other. If the sick did not get visibly better for the priest's touch, neither do the bad get visibly better for his absolution. After all, does the human race advance? A Roman gentleman would have smiled at a superstition so gross as that which Dr Pusey dignifies with the name of Christianity." 1866, Dec. 1, *The Spectator*, p. 1326, col. 1-2. Dr Pusey and his school may not admit the correctness of the statement above, "In other words." I only wish to register here the opinion of one of our best edited weeklies on this point, and to note that however comical the view stated, and a thousand like ones, may seem to our man of 2360 A.D. they were equally so to many in 1866 A.D.

and practical going straight at the main point which Englishmen pride themselves on, whatever amount of philistinism and humbug is mixed up with these qualities. The burden of the early songs (as I read them) is a prayer for forgiveness of sins, a desire to get out of the filth of the flesh, and rise, as well here as hereafter, into the purer and higher life which, to the believer, union with his Saviour implied and implies.

Many of the poems in this volume seem to me very touching and beautiful, and I hope other readers will find them so too. The most interesting to me is the one I have entitled, from l. 638 in it, p. 78, "The Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life, or Bids of the Virtues and Vices for the Soul of Man," pp. 58-78. It sketches the temptations of the well-off man of the period—the MS. is ab. 1430 A.D.—from the time when he was new-born from his mother till, at a hundred years old, Overhope and Wanhope (despair) would ruin him, but Good Hope and Good Faith bring him to trust in God's mercy. At twenty—which may be a misprint for fifteen, xx for xv,—this is the choice presented to the young man.

Quod resoun, "in age of .xx. 3eer.

Goo to oxenford, or lerne lawe."

Quod lust, "harpe & giterne pere may y leere,

And pickid staffe & buckelere, pere-wip to plaue,

At tauerne to make wommen myrie cheere,

And wilde felawis to-gidere drawe,

And be to bemond¹ A good squyer

Al nyzt til pe day do dawe.

¹ For an explanation of this *bemond*, I have asked in vain Mr Chappell, Mr Way, Mr Morris, Mr Skeat, Mr Wright, &c., &c. The only interpretation I can suggest is drawn from a passage in *Le Venery de Twety*, Cotton MS. Vesp. B. xii., printed in *Reliquia Antiqua*, vol. I., pp. 149-154. At pp. 152-3 we read, of the hounds hunting the hare, "And if eny fynde of hym, where he hath ben, Rycher or *Bemond*, ye shall say, *oyez a Bemond le vayllaunt, que guide trovere le coward, ou le court cow.*" The name *Bemond* might easily pass from the leading hound to the leader of a revel, or be used, by personification, for a fancied god of indulgence in women and wine, a sort of Bacchus. I think it certain that this *bemond* has nothing to do with the *bemol* (flat, *b*), and *bequarre* (natural, the square *b*, *♩*) of the curious song on learning music in *Reliquia Antiqua*, vol. I., p. 292, or the *bemy* of the Burlesque, p. 83, *ib.* last line. In our early music books B is *si*, though in the earliest I have seen, no name is given to it.

Conscience's remonstrance that this will waste his friends' money and his own time and learning, is answered by

"Good conscience, goo preche to þe post,

þi councel saueriþ not my tast . . .

Al my lust y wole ful-fille,

I wole spare no womman."

After the advice of Pride, Gluttony, Lechery, Wrath, Envy, Sloth, Covetousness, and Avarice, to the young man, how to indulge his passions and lusts, comes Pride again with this bit of counsel as to dress :

"Apparaile þe propirli," quod Pride,

"Loke þi pockettis passe þe lengist gise ;

Slatre þi clothis boþe schorte & side [= wide]

Passinge all opere mennis sise."

And so the poem continues with allusions, more or less, to the manners of the times. The *pockettis* of the verses last quoted serve to fix the date of the composition of the poem, if they are (as I suppose them to be) what Camden in his *Remaines*, p. 196, calls "*pocketting sleeves*."¹ He says

"Of the long pocketting sleeves in the time of King Henry the Fourth, Hocclive, a master of that age, sings,

Now hath this land little need of broomes

To sweep away the filth out of the streete,

Sen side sleeves of pennilesse groomes

Will it up licke, be it dry or weete."

The woodcut of the Duke of Gloucester[?] on p. 153 of Mr Fairholt's *Costume in England*, copied from the Royal MS. 15 E 4 (fol. 14), in the British Museum, shows the long pocket sleeve admirably, and 'his crimson jacket furred with deep red is exceedingly short,' but gathered in close folds behind. At p. 159 of Fairholt is another woodcut of an attendant with the pocket sleeve, from the same Royal MS. 14 E 4. On fol. 133 of the same Royal MS. are three figures with the long pocket sleeves, and one of them has his sleeves tied

¹ Pockets begin to appear in women's dresses in Edward the Third's time, says Fairholt, and are shown in that king's daughter's dress on the south side of his tomb in Westminster Abbey, as copied in Fairholt, p. 100.

behind his back, just below the bottom of his jacket. The very wide and short doublet seems not to have appeared till about 1460, and not to have been slashed. The tighter plaited jacket of Edward the Fourth's reign, also contemporary with pocket sleeves, had "large sleeves, open at the sides to display the shirt beneath," as shown in the cut on pages 154 and 159 of Fairholt. This is the only *slatring* (supposing it means *slashing*) shown in the figures, unless the opening for the arm in the long pocket sleeve be meant by the words of the poem. But the slashing of garments was at least as early as Chaucer's 'so mochil pounsyng of chiseles to make holes, so moche daggyng of sheris' (*Persones Tale*, ed. Wright, p. 143, col. 2).

The *rere* or late suppers noticed in l. 374 of this Mirror poem are complained of by Robert of Brunne in 1303. *Handlyng Synne*, p. 226, l. 7260-3. (See also the servants' 'rere sopers' denounced, l. 7268-79.)

Rere sopers yn pruyte,
Wyþ glotonye echone þey be ;
And þyr is moche waste ynne,
And gadryng of ouþer synne.

Doubtless Robert was not the first preacher who inveighed against them. He also complains of the rich man lying long in bed on Sundays.

When he heryþ a bel ryng
To holy cherche men kallyng,
þan may he not hys bedde lete,
But þan behoueþ hym lygge and swete,
And take þe mery mornynge slepe.

Handlyng Synne, p. 135, l. 4258-62.

For the last three Poems in this volume I am indebted to Mr W. Aldis Wright, who copied them from MSS. under his charge in the Library of the Trinity College, Cambridge. The first, *Quindecim Signa ante diem Iudicii*, he desired to print on account of its variations from the other earlier versions of the Poem in the E.E. Poems I edited for the Philological Society (Transactions 1858, Pt. II. pp. 7-12), in Hampole's *Pricke of Conscience*, the *Metrical Homilies* edited by Mr Small (in E. E. Poems as above, pp. 162-3), &c. The

second forms a companion to the Virgin's Complaint in our *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, 1866, and the third is given for its historic interest, and its contrast to the temper in which the later chronicler wrote of Archbishop Scrope's death.

Some of the poems bear traces of having been Southernized from a Northern original, as in using *boon* for *bane*, p. 25, l. 108, *lastande na mare*, l. 115, *sizhande*, p. 30, l. 261, and Mr Perry has just sent me a version from the Northern Thornton MS. of the Sweetness of Jesus, pp. 8-11, here, pp. 83-6 of the Text edited by Mr Perry from the Thornton MS. that will appear with this one. I have only in conclusion to return thanks to the Archbishop of Canterbury for the loan of his pretty little Manuscript, and to Mr Aldis Wright for his help, always so willingly given, notwithstanding the pressure of crowds of other work that would overwhelm an ordinary man.

3 St George's Square, N.W.

12th November, 1866.

CORRIGENDA.

P. 27, l. 171. *Lijknes* is no doubt a miswriting of the MS. for *sijknes*, sickness.

P. 61, l. 96. *Put* " after *dawe*.

P. 119, l. 38. *For dryve. read dryve*, (comma for full stop).

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<i>Se what Our Lord</i> <i>suffride</i> (here p. 32-4)			

NOTES.

Pref. p. iv, l. 7. A just judgment of God. Compare Cotgrave's "*Vne Iambe de dieu*. Soe doe the canting and blasphemous rogues of France tearme a cankered, gangrened, or desperately-sore leg. A.D. 1611.

p. 35. *I wiyte myself myn owne woo*. Sir F. Madden, in his Introduction to *Syr Gawayne*, p. lxxv, notes another copy of this, "a Poem in ten eight-line stanzas, the burden of which is 'I wite my self myne owne wo,' on fol. 71 of MS. Rawlinson, C. 86, Bodleian Library. It begins 'In my youthe fulle wyld I was.'" Another is printed from MS. Cotton. Calig. A II fol. 106, v^a in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, v. 1, p. 197-200. It is in 15 stanzas of 8, with two introductory lines:

I may say, and so may mo,
I wyte mysylfe myne owene woo.

p. 41. "The Parlyament of Deuylls" was also "Enprynted In London In Powels chyrcheyarde By Julyan Notary. A. M. M.CCCCC. & xx"; and Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1509 was "reprinted by Nicol for R. Heber, Esq., as his contribution to the Roxburghe Club, but for private reasons, never issued to its members." *Bohn's Lowndes*. Colophon, "Thus endeth the parlyament of deuylls. Enprynted by Wynkyn de word / prynter unto the moost excellent pryncesse my lady the kynges moder. The yere of our lorde .M.CCCCC. & ix."

p. 58. *The Mirror*. In Admiral Swinburne's incomplete copy of *The noble lyfe & natures of man Of bestes / serpentys / fowles & fishes y^e be mooste knownen*, by Laurens Andrewe of y^e towne of Calis, is a large cut running across both pages (a iii b, a iv), of the Ten Ages of Man, in ten double compartments, boy and man in the ten stages at top, and the ten beasts he is likened to, underneath. Below are verses applying to each age.

"Here after foloweth the ten ages of mankynde lykened be ten dyuers bestis as here is expresly shewed / and how the nature of mankynde dothe chaunge from ten tyme of a co

[Cut of] The .X. Ages.

[Fro]M one vnto .x. a childe is he
[Whyp]inge his toppe with sporte & playe
[Lep]yng as y^e gote right merily.
. . . . s his care bothe nyght & day
[At .xx. yere he is iocond an]d plesand
. t pryde
.
.

¶ At .xxx. yere he is named a man
And syb to the bull of nature stronge
Reuenginge his right where euer he cam
with whome it be bothe short & longe

- ¶ Nowe forty yere he is ywys
 Condycond as a lyon in euery degre
 Which maketh hym often withouten mys
 To lese his wysdom beleue ye me
- ¶ At fifty yere then can he glose
 Wily as the forein worde and dede
 That euer wyll wyzne & neuer lose
 & eke of his seruyse he wyl haue mede
- ¶ At threscore yere he dothe descende
 But couetyse in him is roeted than
 Euyne as the wolfe he doth amenden
 y woroeth the shepe wher euer he can
 At .lxx. he is syb to the hownde
 y gnaweth y^e bone so doth he his hart
 All sportes he casteth to the grownde
 Lest therfore his sowle sholde smart
- ¶ At fourscore yere withouten fayle
 He is disdayned with man and wyfe
 Syb to the Cat that lycketh her tayle
 Euer be the fyre that is his lyfe
- ¶ At fourscore & x he is s . . .
 Scorned of man and child h[is] is
 From hym is wisdom & st[rength] gone
 Echone wyll his deth in b
- ¶ At .C. yere dethe comes
 & maketh him as a gosse y^t i[s] . . .
 So plucke y^e frendes
 But he in erthe is s”

p. 83. *This worlde is but a vanite.* A later copy of this Poem, with the burden “This world is but a wannyté” was printed by Mr Halliwell for the Warton Club in 1855, in *Early English Miscellanies*, p. 9-12. It has ten stanzas of eight lines each, and winds up with an extra “In Domino confydo. Amen, dico vobis.”

p. 88. *Erpe oppon erpe.* In Mr Halliwell’s *Early English Miscellanies* from the Porkington MS., Warton Club, 1855, is a later and somewhat different version of this poem in twelve stanzas of six, and two introductory stanzas of seven lines. Mr Halliwell calls the Porkington one “the most complete copy known to exist.” It seems a late recast of the old version. Mr Halliwell also notes, p. 94, “Other versions, varying considerably from each other, are preserved in MS. Seld. sup. 53; MS. Rawl. C. 307; MS. Rawl. Poet. 32; MS. Lambeth 853 (in this text); and in the Thornton MS. in Lincoln Cathedral (fol. 279). Portions of it are occasionally found inscribed on the walls of churches.”

p. 137. Note to p. 58. The inquirer as to climacterical years is referred to “A Succinct Phylosophical Declaration of the nature of clymaterical yeares occasioned by the death of Queene Elizabeth” in MS. Sloane 2117, fol. 231.

Hymns to the Virgin, Christ, &c.

Veni, Coronaberis.

(A SONG OF GREAT SWEETNESS FROM CHRIST TO HIS
DAINTIEST DAM.)

(*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. A.D. 1430, page 1.*)

- S**Urge mea sponsa, swete in sizt,
And se þi sone þou ʒafe souke so scheene;
þou schalt abide with þi babe so brizt,
4 And in my glorie be callide a queene.
Thi mammillis, moder, ful weel y meene,
Y had to my meete þat y myzt not mys;
Aboue alle creaturis, my moder clene,
8 Veni, coronaberis.
- C**ome, clenner þan cristal, to my cage;
Columba mea, y þee calle,
And se þi sone þat in seruage
12 For mannis soule was made a þralle.
In þi palijs so principal
I pleyde priuyli wipoute mys;
Myn hiz cage, moder, haue þou schal;
16 Veni, coronaberis.
- Arise, My beloved,
who gavest Me
suck

from thy breasts.

Above all crea-
tures thou shalt
be crowned.

Come, My dove,

and see thy son
who was made a
slave for man.

Thou shalt have
His high place,
and be crowned.

Daughter of Sion,
spotless flower,

thou shalt sit
crowned by Me,

[Page 2.]
and all My saints
shall honour thee.

For macula, moder, was neuere in þee ;
Filia syon, þou art þe flour ;
Ful sweteli schalt þou sitte bi me,
20 And bere a crowne with me in tour,
¶ And alle my seintis to þin honour
Schal honoure þee, moder, in my blis,
þat blessid bodi þat bare me in bowur,
24 Veni, coronaberis.

Princess of
Paradise, Mother
fair,

the well of mercy
in thee shall bring
thy blessed body
to bliss.
Come and be
crowned.

Tota pulcra þou art to my plesynge,
My moder, princes of paradijs,
Of þee a watir ful well gan sprynge
28 þat schal aȝen alle my riȝtis rise ;
¶ þe welle of mercy in þee, moder, lijs
To bringe þi blessid bodi to blis ;
And my seintis schulen do þee service,
32 Veni, coronaberis.

Come, My chosen
one, Maiden
Queen,

dwel here with
Me in bliss,

and be crowned.

Veni, electa mea, meekeli chosen,
Holi moder & maiden queene,
On sege to sitte semeli bi him an hiȝ,
36 þi sone and eek þi childe.
¶ Here, moder, wiȝ me to dwelle,
With þi swete babe þat sittip in blis,
þere in ioie & blis þat schal neuere mys,
40 Veni, coronaberis.

[Page 3.]
Sweet Mother,
remember the
dew that dropped
from our lips
when we kissed.

Come and be
crowned.

Veni, electa mea, my moder swete,
Whanne þou bad me, babe, be ful stille,
Ful goodli oure lippis þan gan mete,
44 With briȝt braunchis as blosmes on hille.
¶ Fanus distillans it wente with wille,
Oute of oure lippis whanne we dide kis,
þerfore, moder, now ful stille,
48 Veni, coronaberis.

- Veni de libano, þou loueli in launche,
 þat lappid me loueli *with* liking song,
 þou schalt abide *with* a blessid braunche,
 52 þat so semeli of þi bodi sprong.
 ¶ Ego, flos campi, þi flour, was solde,
 þat on calueri to þee cried y-wys :
 Moder, þou woost þis is as y wolde ;
 56 Veni, coronaberis.

Come from
 Lebanon, thou
 who sangst Me to
 asleep,

Me who on
 Calvary cried to
 thee.

- Pulcra vt luna, þou berist þe lamme,
 As þe sunne þat schineþ clere,
 Veni in ortum meum, þou deintiest damme,
 60 To smelle my spicis¹ þat here ben in fere.
 My palijs is piȝt for þi pleasure,
 Ful of briȝt braunchis & blosmes of blis ;
 Come now, moder, to þi derling dere !
 64 Veni, coronaberis.

Lovely as moon-
 light,

come thou to Me.

[Page 4.]
 My palace is dight
 with blossoms of
 bliss.
 Come, Mother,
 come and be
 crowned.

- Quid est ista so vertuose
 þat is euere lastyng for hir mekenes ?
 Aurora consurgens graciouse,
 68 So benigne a ladi, of such briȝtnes,
 ¶ þis is þe colour of kinde clenues,
 Regina celi þat neuere dide mys ;
 þus endiþ þe song of greet sweettnes,
 72 Veni, coronaberis.

Who is she that
 shall endure for
 ever for her
 meekness ?

The Queen of
 Heaven, who
 never sinned.
 Come thou then,
 and be crowned !

[*Quia Amore Languet*, or "In a tabernacle of a tour," and its continuation "In a valey of þis restles mynde," printed in *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, pp. 148-150, follow here. Then "Ihesu, þi swetnes," p. 8, and "Ihesus þat sprong, p. 12, of this volume.]

¹ Compare "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south ; blow upon my garden, *that* the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." *Solomon's Song*, ch. iv. 16. "My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies." vi. 2.

Hail, Blessed Mary!

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 24.]

The heavy Clarendon letters mark the red of the MS.

Hail, Mary,
Mother of

the Son of God!
Maiden, never
defouled,

fairest flower of
the field.

Hail, comely
Queen,

healer of all pain.

[Page 25.]
Hail, mother of
Christ,

the king of Angels.

Hail, fairest of all,
who bred our
bliss, on whom all
women in child-
bed call.

All fiends dread
thee, who feddest
thy Son with
maiden milk,
Thou flower of
virgins.

Heil be þou, marie, þe modir of *crist*,
Heil þe blessidist þat euere bare child!
Heil þat conceyuedist al wiþ list

- 4 þe sone of god hope meeke & mylde !
¶ Heil maide sweete þat neuere was filid !
Heil welle and witt of al wijsdome !
Heil þou flour ! heil fairest in feeld !
8 **Aue regina celorum !**

Heil comeli queene, coumfort of care !
Heil blessid lady bothe fair & briȝt !
Heil þe saluour of al sore !

- 12 Heil þe laumpe of lemys list !
¶ Heil þou blessid beerde in whom [*crist*] was piȝt !
Heil ioie of man bothe al and sum !
Heil pinacle in heuene an hiȝt,
16 **Mater regis angelorum !**

Heil crowned queene, fairest of alle !
Heil þat alle oure blis in bradde !
Heil þat alle wommen on doon calle

- 20 in temynge whanne þei ben hard bistadde !
¶ Heil þou þat alle feendis dredde,
And schulen do til þe day of doome !
With maidens mylk þi sone þou fedde,
24 **O maria, flos virginum.**

- H**eil fairest þat euere god foond,
 Whiche chees þee to his owne bour !
 Heil þe lanterne þat is ay lizthond !
 28 To þee schulen loute boþe riche & poore.
 ¶ Heil spice swettist of sauour !
 Heil þat al oure ioye of come !
 Heil of alle wommen fruyt & flour !
 32 **Velud¹ rosa vel lilium.**
- H**eil be þou goodli ground of grace !
 Heil blessid sterre upon þe see !
 Heil of coumfortis in euery caas !
 36 ¶ Heil þe cheeuest of charitee !
 Heil welle of witt and of merci !
 Heil þat bare ihesu, goddis sone !
 Heil tabernacle of þe trynyste !
 40 **Funde preces ad filium.**
- H**eil be þou virgyne of virgins !
 Heil blessid modir ! heil blessid may !
 Heil norische of sweete ihesus !
 44 Heil cheefest of chastite, forsoþe to say !
 ¶ Lady, kepe vs so in oure last day
 þat we may come to þi kingdom !
 For me & alle cristen þou pray,
 48 **Pro salute fidelium. Amen.**

Hail, choice of
 God,

whom rich and
 poor adore.

Hail, fruit and
 flower of
 womankind.
 [1 ? *velud* : l, u,
 and d rubbed]

Hail, Star upon
 the sea,

chiefest in
 charity,

tabernacle of the
 Trinity.

Hail, blessed
 maiden,

In our last day
 bring us to thy
 realm.

Pray for all faith-
 ful souls !

Aue Maria.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., fol. 26. Partly
written without breaks.*]

Hail, Mary,
Queen and Star of
Heaven! help me
and hear my
prayer.

[1 Page 27.]

Heil be þou marie, cristis moder dere,
þat art queene of heuen, fair and sweets of chere,
þat art sterre of heuen schinyng bryzt & clere!
4 Helpe me, lady ¹ful of myzt, & heere my praiere
Aue maria.

To thee I make
my moan: let
me not die in
any of the Seven
Sins.

Heil blessid marie, mylde queene of heuen!
Blessid be þi name, ful good it is to nempne:
8 To þee, lady, y make my moone; I praie þee
heere my steuen,
And let me neuere die in noon of þe synnis
seuene.

Aue maria.

Hail, Mary, flower
of all!

To thee I pray!

be by me when I
die,

and save me from
Satan's bonds.

Heil be þou marie þat art flour of alle,
12 As roose in eerbir so reed!
To þee, ladi, y clepe and calle,
To þee y make my beed;
þou be in stide & in stalle
16 Whanne y schal drawe to deed,
And lete me neuere falle
in boondis of þe queed!

Aue maria.

Grant me my
prayer,

20 **H**eil be þou, marie, þat hiȝ sittist in troone!
Y biseche þee, swete lady, graunte me my
boone,

Ihesu to loue & drede, & my lijfe to ameende soone, amend my life,
 And bring me to þat blis þat neuere schal be and bring me to
 doone. everlasting bliss.

24

Aue maria.

Heil be þou marie, gloriouse moder hende ! Send me meek-
 Meeknes & honeste, *with* abstynence, me sende, ness and charity,
 With chastite & charite into my lyues eende, that I may go to
heaven.

28 And þat þoruþ þi praier, lady, I mote to heuen
 blis weende !

Aue maria.

[*Oratio Magistri Richardi de Castre*, p. 15, below, follows here.]

Poems to Christ.

The Sweetness of Jesus.

[Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 14.]

Jesu, beside Thy
sweetness all

earthly love is
bitter.

Teach me

firmlly to set my
heart on Thee.

No earthly love
delights like
Thine,

the King of
Love.

I would my heart
were wholly
Thine.

[Page 15.]

If Nature bids me
love my kin, I
should love Thee
first, who didst

put Thy likeness
in my soul.

IHesu, pi swetnes, who-so myzte it se,
And perof haue a cleere knowynge,
Al erpeli loue bittir schulde be
4 Saue þin a-loone without leesinge.
I praie þee, lord, þat lore leere me,
Aftir þi loue to haue longynge,
And sadli to sette myn herte on þee,
8 In þi loue to haue most liking.

So likinge loue in erpe noon is ;
In soule who-so coude him soþeli se,
Him to loue were mykil blis,
12 For king of loue callid is he.
¶ With true loue, y wolde þis,
So faste to him bounde be,
þat myne herte were holli his
16 So þat no þing likid me but he.

IF y for kyndenes schulde loue my kyn,
þan me þenkiþ in my þouzt
Bi kyndeli skile y schulde bigynne
20 At him þat haþ me maade of nouzt.
¶ His lijkes he sette my soule with-inne,
And al þis world for me haþ wrouzt,
As fadir he fondid my loue to wyne,
24 For to heuene he haþ me brouzt.

As moder of him, y make now mynde,
 þat bifore my birþe to me toke hede,
 And siþen with baptym waiship þat kynde
 28 þat foulide was þoru; adams dede.

¶ With noble mete he norischip oure kynde,
 For with his fleisch he doop us fede,
 A bettere fode may no man fynde,
 32 To lastyngge lijf it wole us lede.

Oure broþer & sustir he is bi skile,
 For he so seide, & lerid us þat lore
 þat who so wrouȝte his fadris wille
 36 Briþeren & sustren to him pei wore.

¶ Mi kinde also he took þer-tille,
 Ful truli truste y him þerfore
 þat he wole neuere lete me spille,
 40 But wiþ his mercy salue my sore.

The loue of him passip, certis,
 Al erpeli loue þat may ben here ;
 God & man, my spouse he is,
 44 Weel ouȝte y, wrecche, to loue him dere.

¶ Boþe heuen and erþe holli is his,
 He is lord of greet powere,
 Callid he is þe kyng of blis,
 48 His loue me longip for to leere.

Aftir his loue me þenkip long
 For he haþ myne ful dere y-bouȝte ;
 Whanne y was wente fro him with wrong,
 52 From heuen to erþe he me souȝte.

¶ Mi wrecchid kynde for me he fonge,
 And al his nobley he sette as nouȝt,
 Pouert he suffride, & peynes stronge,
 56 Aȝen to blis or he me brouȝte.

Before my birth
 He cared for me,

and now feeds
 our race with His
 blood.

He is the brother
 and sister of

those who do His
 Father's will.

[Page 16.]
 He took my
 nature, and so I
 trust Him.

His love passes
 all earthly love,
 and He is my
 spouse.

His name is King
 of Bliss.

He bought my
 love full dear,

took my wretched
 nature, and

brought me to
 bliss.

[Page 17.]
Love for me
brought Him to
earth,
and for that He
pledged His life,

and shed His
precious blood.

His sides were
bloody, His heart
pierced with a
spear.

He gave His life
for my guilt.

My heart should
break with pity,

for I was cause
of all His woe.

[Page 18.]
For me He
suffered death,

and rose again,

and went to
heaven.

He protects me
from my foes,

the friend that
never fails, and
asks only my love
again.

Whanne y was pral, to make me fre,
Mi loue fro heuene to erpe him ledde,
My loue aloone haue wolde he,
60 For perfore he leide his lijf to wedde.
¶ Wiþ my foo he fauzte for me,
Woundid he was, and bittirli bledde,
His preciouſe blood ful greet plente
64 Ful piteuousli for me was ſchedde.

Hiſe ſidis bloo and blodi were
þat ſumtyme were ful briȝt of blee;
His herte was perſid wiþ a ſpere,
68 Hiſe ruli woundis were ruþe to ſe.
¶ Mi rauꝝſum forſoþe he paied þere,
And ȝaf his lijf for gilt of me,
His deēp ſchulde be to me ful dere,
72 And perſe myn herte for pure pitee.

For pitee myn herte ſchulde breke on two,
To hiſ kyndenēſ if y took hede;
Encheſon y waſ of al hiſ woo,
76 He ſuffride ful harde for my miſ-dede.
¶ To laſtyng lijf þat y ſchulde go,
He ſuffride deēp in hiſ manhede;
And whanne hiſ wille waſ to lyue alſo,
80 Aȝen he rooſ þoruȝ hiſ godhede.

To heuen he wente with myche bliſ
Whanne he ouercome hiſ bataile,
Hiſ baner ful brode diſplaied iſ
84 Whanne ſo my fo wole me aſſaile.
¶ Weel ouȝte y, wrecche, to ben hiſ,
He iſ þat freend þat neuere wole faile;
No þing deſiriþ he þat iſ,
88 But true loue aȝen for hiſ trauaile.

Thus wolde my spouse for me fyt,
 And for me was woundid sore,
 For my loue his deep was di,t;
 92 What loue myzte he kipe more?
 ¶ To 3elde his loue haue y no myzte
 But loue *him* hertili þefore,
 And worche weel *with* werkis rízt
 96 þat he hap lerid me *with* loueli lore.

Wip loueli lore his werkis to fille,
 Weel cuzte y, wrecche, if y were kynde,
 Nyzt & day to worche his wille,
 100 And euere haue þat lord in mynde.
 ¶ But goostli foos greuen me ille,
 And my freel fleisch makip me blinde;
 þefore his mercy y toke me tille,
 104 For betere bote can y noon fynde.

Betere bote is noon to me
 þan to his mercy truli me take
 þat *with* his fleisch hap made me free,
 108 And me, wrecche, his childe wole make.
 ¶ I praie þat lord for his pitee
 þat he for synne me not forsake,
 But 3eue me grace fro synne to flee,
 112 And *him* to loue let me neuere slake.

Ihesu, for þe swetnes þat in þee is,
 Haue mynde of me whan y hens wende,
 With stidfast truþe my wittis þou wis,
 116 And, lord, þou scheelde me from þe feende!
 ¶ For þi mercy for3eue me my mys,
 þat wickid werk my soule neuere schende,
 And lede me, lord, in-to þi blis,
 120 With þee to wone *withoute* eende. AMEN.

For me He was
 wounded sore,
 and died.

I cannot repay
 His love, but

only obey His
 commands.

[Page 19.]

I must alway
 work His will;

but my foes and
 flesh blind me.

I fly to His mercy,

which is my best
 remedy.

O Lord, forsake
 me not, but give
 me grace to love
 Thee.

For Thy
 sweetness

keep me from the
 evil one!

[Page 20.]

For Thy mercy
 lead me into blis,
 ever to dwell
 with Thee!

Be my Coumfort, Crist Ihesus !

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1400 A.D., page 20.*]

Jesu,

savour sweet to
man's soul,

thou Virgin's
son !

Son, and Mother,
comfort me !

Jesu,

to save man's
soul
thou wert poorly
clad, put in a
cradle,
[Page 21.]

born in
Bethlehem.

By Thy kiss to
Thy mother,

comfort me !

Jesu, who wast
fair when young,

Ihesus þat sprong of iesse roote,
As us haþ prechid þi prophete,
Flour and fruyt boþe softe and sote,
4 To mannys soule of sauour sweete ;
Ihesu ! þou brouztist man to boote
Whanne gabriel gan marie greeete,
To felle oure foomen vndir foote,
8 In hir þou siz a semeli sete :
¶ A mayden was þi modir meete,
Of whom þou took fleisch for us ;
As 3e may boþe my balis beete,
12 So be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

Ihesu, þou art wijsdom of witt
Of þi fadir ful of myzt !
Mannys soule, to saue it,
16 In poore aparaille þou were piȝt.
¶ Ihesu ! þou were in cradil knyȝt,
In wede wrappid boþe day & nyȝt,
In bethleem born, as þe gospel writt,
20 With aungelis song and heuene liȝt.
Barn y-born of a beerde briȝt,
Ful curteis was þi comeli cus ;
þoruȝ uertu of þat sweete sizte,
24 So be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

Ihesu, þat were of 3eeris zong,
Fair and fresch of hide and hue,

- Whanne þou were in þraldom þrong,
 28 And turmentid *with* many a iewe,
 ¶ Whanne blood and watir were out wrong,
 For beetinge was þi bodi blewe ;
 As a clot of clay þou were for-clonge,
 32 So deed in þrouz þanne men þee þrewe.
 ¶ But grace of þi graue grew ;
 þou roos up quik comfort to us.
 For hir loue pat þis councel knewe,
 36 So be my comfort, crist ihesus.
- I**hesu, soopfast god and man,
 Two kindis knyht in oon persone,
 þe wondir werk pat þou bigan
 40 þou hast fulfillid in fleisch & bone.
 ¶ Out of þis world wiȝtli þou wan,
 Liftynge up þi silf a-loone ;
 For myȝtli þou roos, & ran
 44 Streiȝt vnto þi fadir in trone.
 ¶ Now dare man make no more moone ;
 For man it is þou wrouȝte þus,
 And god wiȝ man is maade at oone,
 48 So be my comfort, crist ihesus.
- ¶ Ihesu crist, holi and hende,
 þat beerde was blessid þat bare þee,
 Aftir hir whanne þou gan sende,
 52 In heuene blis wiȝ þee to bee.
 ¶ Out of þis worlde whanne sche wende,
 Boþe bodi & soule were sett in see
 Hiȝer þan ony of aungelis kinde,
 56 In troone a-fore þe trynȝte.
 ¶ þere may þe sone his modir se
 In heuene an hiȝ to helpen us ;
 þou peerless princes, praie for me !
 60 And be my comfort, crist ihesus.
- when Thou wert
 on the Cross,

 turned'st blue,

 and like a clod of
 clay wast cast in
 grave.
 But quickly Thou
 arose.

 Then comfort me.

 [Page 12.]
 Jesu, God and
 man,

 soon Thou rose
 from the dead to

 Thy Father's
 throne.
 Man shall mourn
 no more,

 so comfort me.

 Jesu, Thou
 sentest for Thy
 Mother to heaven,
 and set her higher

 than the angels
 on a throne.

 [Page 23.]
 Peerless Princess,
 pray for me !
 and, Jesus,
 comfort me !

Jesus,

rule me,

be my food in
body and soul,

stay my sorrow,

and comfort me.

Ihesu, my souereyne sauour,
Almyzti god, þere ben no moo :
Crist, þou be my gouernour,
64 þi feiþ lete me not fallen fro.
¶ Ihesu, my ioye and my socoure '
In my body and soule also,
God, þou be my strengist fode,
68 And wisse þou me whan me is wo.
¶ Lord, þou makist freend of foo,
Lete me not lyue in langour þus,
But se my sorowe, & seie now 'ho,'
72 And be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

Prince of Peace,
I pray Thee

help me in all my
fear,
[Page 24.]

let me please Thee
in word and deed,

and die well at
my day.

Be my comfort,
Christ !

Ihesu, to þee y crie and greede ;
Prince of pees, to þee y praye ;
þou woldist bleede for mannis nede,
76 And suffre manye a feerdful fray.
¶ þou me fede in al my drede
Wiþ pacience now and ay
Mi lijf to lede in word & dede
80 As is moost plesant to þi pay,
¶ And to deie weel whanne it is my day.
Ihesu, þat deied on tree for us,
Lete me not be þe feendis pray,
84 But be my coumfort, crist ihesus ! **AMEN.**

[The two Hymns to the Virgin, "Heil be þou, Marie," printed
on pages 4-7 of this Text, follow here.]

Richard de Castre's Prayer to Jesus.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 28, written without breaks.*]

Oratio magistri Richardi de castre, quam ipse posuit.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>IHesu, lord, þat madist me,
 And wiþ þi blessid blood hast bouzt,
 Forȝeue þat y haue greued þee
 4 With worde, with wil, And eek with þouzt.</p> | <p>Jesu,
 forgive what I
 have grieved
 Thee.</p> |
| <p>¶ Ihesu, in whom in al my trust,
 þat deied upon þe roode tree,
 Withdrawe myn herte from fleischli lust,
 8 And from al wordli vanyte !</p> | <p>Withdraw my
 heart from fleshly
 lust.</p> |
| <p>¶ Ihesu, for þi woundis smerte
 On feet & on þin hondis two,
 Make me meeke & low of herte,
 12 And þee to loue as y schulde do !</p> | <p>Make me meek
 and lowly of
 heart.</p> |
| <p>¶ Ihesu, for þi bitter wounde
 þat wente to þin herte roote,
 For synne þat haþ myn herte bounde,
 16 þi blessid bloode mote be my bote.</p> | <p>Thy blood must
 heal my guilt.</p> |
| <p>¶ And ihesu crist, to þee y calle
 þat art god ful of myzt ;
 Kepe me cleene, þat y ne falle
 20 In deedli synne neiþer be day ne nyzt.</p> | <p>Keep me pure
 from mortal sin.</p> |

Let me never
displease Thee.

¶ *Ihesu*, graunte me myne askinge,
Perfite pacience in my disese,
And neuere mote y do þat þing

24 þat schulde þee in ony wise displese.

Grant that I and
all to whom I am
bound may die
well.
[Page 29.]

¶ *Ihesu*, þat art oure heuenli king,
Sooþefast god, & man also,
ȝeue me grace of good eendinge,

28 And hem þat Y am holden vnto.

Speed my prayers
that I may not be
condemned.

¶ *Ihesu*, for þe deedly teeris
þat þou scheedddest for my gilt,
Here & spede my praiers,

32 And spare me þat y be not spilt.

Keep Thy reveng-
ing hand from
those who anger
Thee.

¶ *Ihesu*, for them y þe biseche
þat wrappen þee in ony wise,
With-holde from hem þin hond of wreche,

36 And lete hem lyue in þi seruice.

Comfort all who
are full of care.

¶ *Ihesu*, moost coumfort for to se
Of þi seintis euerychoone,
Coumfort hem þat careful been,

40 And helpe hem þat ben woo bigoon.

Amend all who
have grieved Thee.

¶ *Ihesu*, keepe hem þat been goode,
And ameende hem þat han greued þee,
And sende hem fruytis of erþeli fode

44 As ech man nedip in his degree.

Stop these wars,
and send us peace.

¶ *Ihesu*, þat art with-uten lees
Almyȝti god in trynȝte,
Ceesse þese werris, & sende us pees

48 Wip lastinge loue & charitee.

Ihesu, þat art þe goostli stoon
Of al holi chirche in myddil erþe,

52 Bringe þi fooldis & flockis in oon,
 And rule hem riȝtli wiȝh oon hirde.

Bring Thy flocks
 and folds in one;

¶ Ihesu, for ¹ þi blessidful blood,
 Bringe, if þou wolt, þo soulis to blis
 For ² whom y haue had ony good,
 56 And spare þat þei han do a-mys. AMEN.

[¹ Page 30.]
 and bring to bliss
 all who have done
 me good. Amen.
 [² ? for Fro]

[“Who-so wilneþ,” printed on pp. 11-12 of *The Babees Book*,
 &c., follows here, on p. 30 of the MS.]

Do Merci bifore thi Jugement.

[*Lambeth MS. 583, ab. 1430 A.D., page 54, written
without breaks.*]

<p>Our Creator is the maker of all,</p> <p>to whom we lament</p> <p>how frail we are.</p> <p>God, be merciful before thy judgment.</p> <p>Damn not Thine own work to please the Devil;</p> <p>banish us not from thy sight.</p>	<p>There is no creature¹ but oon, Maker of euery creature, God a-loone, & euer more oon, 4 And þre in oon alway to endure. ¶ To þat lord we make oure moone To whom al coumfort is, & cure, To þinke how freel we ben echoon. 8 In þis world is hard auenture : ¶ Who-so þerof is moost ensure, Sunnest schal he be schamed and schent. Or þou þe world with fier pure, 12 Do merci bifore þi iugement.</p> <p>Lord, do mercy or þat þou deeme, Lest þou dampne þat þou hast wrouzt : What ioie were it a feend to qweme, 16 To ȝeue him þat þou hast dere bouzt. ¶ Out of þi siȝt if þou us fleme, We ben dampned riȝt as nouzt ; þi passioun make us briȝt & schene 20 In wil, in worde, in dede & þouzt !</p>
--	--

¹ A later hand has written *our* over the *ure* of 'creature,' and dotted the *ure* out.

- ¶ For whi, synne haþ us þoruþ souzt ;
 þerfore ameende þou oure entent
 To þe doom or we bee brouzt !
 24 Do merci bifore þi iugement.

Amend our
 purposes before
 Thy Judgment.

- W**e axe þi mercy, þou heuenli king,
 For þou art lord of ech degre ;
 Of erþe þou madist oure bigynnyng,
 28 And aftir with spirit enspirid us free.
 ¶ Wip trees and gras þou ʒaf us growinge,
 Wip beestis, feelinge lijf haue we,
 And with aungils we haue vndirstondinge,
 32 And þerbi we schulden know þee.
 þou baddist þat alle schulde multiplie,
 But we ben fals & necligent :
 For we may not hide us from þin iʒe,
 36 Do merci bifore þi iugement.

[Page 55.]
 We ask Thy
 mercy.

Thou madest us
 of earth, and
 breathedst spirit
 in us,

giving us sentient
 life with beasts,
 and knowledge
 with angels.

We are false, but
 cannot hide from
 Thee.
 Have Mercy on
 us !

- Þ**ou baddist us axe merci, & we schulden haue ; Thou baddest us
 It dooþ us coumfort on þee to calle,
 þou hast ordeined man to saue,
 40 For þi merci passiþ þi werkis alle.
 ¶ þi herte blood for us þou ʒaue,
 þou madist us free where we were þralle :
 Lete neuere þe feend oure soulis craue
 44 þat waischen was in þin holi welle !
 ¶ Oure fleisch is freel, it makip us falle,
 Wip grace ¹ we risen & schulen repente ;
 And in hope of þee we schal :
 48 Haue merci to-fore thi iugement.

Thou gavest
 Thine heart's
 blood for us :

[1 Page 56.]
 our flesh is frail :
 give us Grace
 and Hope ; and

have Mercy on
 us.

- W**e axe mercy bi riʒtwijsnes,
 For þi biheest is al oure riʒt,
 And of þi greet kindenes
 52 þou hast mercy to us bihiʒt.

We rely on Thy
 promise of

Mercy to us.
 We can do
 nothing

- of ourselves. ¶ We ne be but erþe watirlees,
þat to springe vertu haþ no myzt ;
þis worldis likerose bittirnes
- 56 Bireueþ us discrecioun & oure sizt.
¶ þe feend, þe fleisch, þe worlde, wiþ us ay fiȝt ;
þus be we taken in turment ;
þerfore, lord, or þi doom be diȝt,
- 60 Do merci bifore þi iugement.
- The world, the
flesh, and the
devil fight with
us.
Have Mercy
before Thy
Judgment.
- We have corrupt-
ed our nature
with sin ;
- W iþ synne we han defoulid oure kinde,
And kinde may we not eschewe ;
To wrappe þee, god, we ben vnkinde ;
- we are untrue. 64 þou kindeli king, we ben vntrewe !
¶ Azens þis can no clerk skile fynde ;
Graciose god, upon us rewe ;
Take not oure trespass in to mynde,
- Remember not
our trespass ;
[Page 57.] 68 But in þi doom lete merci sue !
¶ For þouȝ we wolden from þee remewe,
In ech place þou art present ;
Or we were born, lord, þou us knewe ;
- we cannot escape
Thee. 72 Do merci bifore þi iugement.
- Have mercy on
us.
- Lord, we commit
our life to Thee ;
- L ord ! oure soule, oure spirit, oure lijf,
Into þin hondis, lord, we bitake ;
Out of temptacioun and strijf,
- keep us night and
day.
Jesu, drive 76 Lord, kepe us wheþer we slepe or wake.
¶ Ihesu, for þi woundis fyue,
And for þi modir sake,
þe feend away from us þou dryue
- the devil from us
when we die ;
let him not seize
our souls. 80 Whanne deef with us maistrie schal make,
¶ And suffre him not oure soule away to take
For whiche on roode þou were torent ;
Azens þi doom we tremble & quake ;
- Have Mercy
before Thy
Judgment. 84 Do merci tofore þi iugement !
- God, mingle
Mercy with
Justice,
- G od, þou deeme us riȝtwijsli,
Medele þou merci with execusioun,

For we han forfeitid wrongfulli ;
 88 Take hede to oure contricioun !
 ¶ We 3eelde us synful & sory
 By ¹Knowliche & confessioun ;
 þi passioun & þi mercy
 92 We take to oure entensioun.
 ¶ Bileue is oure saluacioun,
 With keping of þi comaundement.
 God, putte þin holi passioun
 96 Bitwixe us & þi iugement ! Amen.

take heed to our
contrition.

We are sinful and
sorry.

[¹ Page 58.]

We plead Thy
sufferings :

put them between
us and Thy
Judgment.

["As y gan wandre," printed below, follows here.]

The Love of Jesus.

(Pages 90-102, written without breaks.)

Love in Christ is
everlasting life;

Loue is lijf þat lastiþ ay
þere it is in crist made fest,
Whanne wele ne wo it slake may,

4 as writen han men wisest.

it turns work into
rest.

¶ þe nyzt it turneþ in-to day,
Traueile it turneþ in to rest :
If þou wolt do as y þee say,
8 þou schalt þanne be with þe best.

Love is like a fire;

¶ Loue is a þouzt with gret desijr,
And also of a fair loouynge ;
Loue y likne in-to a fier

12 þat slakeen may for no þing.

it cleanses us of
sin.

¶ Loue clensiþ us of oure synne,
loue oure blis schal bringe,
Loue þe kingis herte may wyne,
16 loue of ioie euere may synge.

The help of Love
reaches to heaven.

þe socour of loue is liftid hie,
For into heuene it ran ;
Me þenkiþ in herte þat it is slize,

20 þat makiþ þe peple boþe pale & wan.

[Page 91.]

¶ þe beed of blis it goiþ ful nyzt,—
I telle þou it as y can,—

It couples God to
man.

þerof us þenkiþ þe wey to drie,
24 For euere loue coupliþ god to man.

- ¶ Loue is hetter þan þe cole
 To hem þat of it is fayn & frike,
 þe flawme of loue, who myzte it pole,
 28 If it were euermore lijke :
 ¶ Loue us helip, & makip in qwart,
And liftip us up in-to heuene-riche,
 And loue rauischip *crist* in-to oure herte,
 32 I woot nowhere no loue it is lijke.

Love is hotter
 than coal;

it cheers us, and
 lifts us to heaven.

- ¶ Leerne to loue if þou wolt lyue
 Whanne þou schalt hens fare ;
 Al þi pouzt to him þou zeue
 36 þat may pee kepe from care ;
 ¶ Loke þou þin herte fro him not twynne
 þouȝ þou wandre euery where,
 So þou may weelde him *with-inne*,
 40 And loue him hertili euermore.

Learn to Love

God, and put not
 thine heart from
 Him.

- Thesu, pat me loue hast lende,
 In-to þi loue þou me bringe,
 Take to þee al myn entente
 44 þat þou be to me myn zerninge,
 ¶ And þat synne from me awei were went,
And loue come myn owne coueitynge,
 þat my soule hadde herd & hent
 48 þe songe of þi sweete louyng.

[Page 92.]
 Jesu! bring me
 to Thy Love

that sin may leave
 me,

and my soul may
 hear the song of
 Thy loving.

- ¶ þi loue is to us euerelestyng
 Fro pat tyme þat we may it verrili fele,
 þerinne make we euere brennyng,
 52 þat no þing may it uerrili keele.
 ¶ Mi pouzt, take it into þin hand,
 And stable pou it ilke a dele,
 þat y be no þing hildande .
 56 To loue uerrili þe worldis wele.

Thy Love lasts
 ever.

Take my desire to
 Thee

that I may not
 love the world.

If I love any
earthly thing,

¶ If y loue ony erpeli þing
þat paieþ to my wille,
And sette my ioie in foule likinge,
60 Whanne it may come me tylle
I may drede at my departynge
þat it wole be attir & ille,
For alle my welþis ben wepinge
64 whanne peyne my soule wolde spille.

[Page 23.]
at my death it
will be poison

in hell.

Earthly joy,

now fresh and
green, soon fades.

Such is the world;

toil and trouble.

¶ þe ioie þat men heere seen
Is ful likinge vnto þe iʒee ;
þat now is fair, freische, and grene,
68 And anoon aftir is welkid away :
¶ þis is þe world, alle men moun seen,
And wole be vnto domysday,
Ful greet traueile, & myche tene ;
72 To flee þat is ful hard in fay.

If you leave evil,

and give yourself
to Christ,

He will bring you
to bliss.

¶ If þou leue yuel in al þi þouʒt,
And hate þe filthe of synne,
And ʒeue to him þat þee dere bouʒt,
76 þat he weelde þee with-inne,
¶ Al þi soule þi lord haþ souʒt,
And þerof he wolde not mynne ;
þus schalt þou to blis be brouʒt,
80 And wonye heuene wiþ-ynne.

[1 Page 24.]
Love is trusty and
true,

never changing.

He who finds it

need not care.

¶ For¹soþe þe kinde of loue is þis,—
þere it is trusty and trewe,—
To stoonde euere in stablilnes,
84 And chaunge neuere for no newe.
¶ þat wiʒt þat þat loue may finde,
Or euere in herte it knewe,
Fro care it turneþ þat kinde :
88 Such a mirþe fyndiþ to fewe.

- ¶ For-þi, loue þou as y þee rede ;
 Crist is trewe loue, as y þe telle ;
 Wip aungilis take þou þi stide ;
 92 þat ioie loke þou not felle.
- ¶ In erpe hate¹ þou no maner qweed,
 But loke þat þi loue may dwelle,
 For loue is more strengre þan deed,
 96 Loue is more harder þan helle.
- ¶ Loue is lizt, & a birþun fyne ;
 Loue gladiþ boþe ʒonge and oolde ;
 Loue is wipout ony pyne,
 100 As louers han me toolde.
- ¶ Loue is goostli deli²-ciouse as wijn
 þat makip men boþe big & bolde ;
 To þat loue y schal me so faste tyne,
 104 þat y in herte it euermore holde.
- ¶ Loue is þe swettiste þing
 þat heere in erpe men may han ;
 Loue is goddis owne derlinge ;
 108 Loue byndip boþe blood & baan.
- ¶ In loue, þerfore, be *oure* likinge ;
 I knowe no betere won ;
 For me oonli, & my louynge,
 112 Loue makip boþe but oon.
- ¶ But al fleischli loue schal fare
 As doop þe flouris of may,
 And schal be lastande na mare
 116 But as it were an *hour* of a day ;
- ¶ And sorewen aftir þat ful sare
 Hir lust, her pride, & al her play,
 Whanne þei aren cast in care,
 120 In-to pyne þat lastip ay.

Christ is true
Love.

[1 ? loue]

Let thy Love be
His.
It is stronger than
death and hell.

Love gladdens
young and old.

[2 Page 95.]
It is delicious as
wine.

Hold fast to it.

Love is

God's own
darling.

Let our delight be
in it.

Fleahly love is
like May flowers,

lasting only an
hour.

And after comes
sore sorrow

in hell.

[Page 96.]
When men rise
again,

¶ Whanne her bodies in þe fen liggen,
þanne schulen her soulis be in drede,
And up aȝen as men schulen risen,
124 And answe're for her mys dede.

if they have sin-
ned here,

¶ If þei be seen þan in syzne,
And now heere þer liif þei ledde,
þan schulen þei ligge helle wiþ-izne,
128 And derkenes haue to mede.

they shall lie in
hell.

Rich men shall
rue their sin in
hell.

¶ Riche men her hondis schal wrynge,
And her wickid werkes abie
In flawmes of fier bitterli brænnynge,
132 Wiþ care and sorewe schamefastli.

But Love, and
then you'll sing
to Christ.

¶ If þou wolt loue, þan may þou synge
To þi lord crist in melodie :
þe loue of him ouercomeþ al þing ;
136 In loue lyue we & die.

Jesu, Son of God !

send Love into
my heart !
[! Page 97.]

Ihesu ! god-is sone þou art,
lord of moost hiȝ magiste,
Sende verrili loue in-to myn herte
140 Oonly ¹ to coueite þee !

Be my Love !

¶ Reue me likinge of þis world,
Mi loue þat þou may be ;
Take myn herte in-to þi ward,
144 And sette þou me in stabilte !

Jesu, maiden's
Son !

Pierce my soul
with thy spear.

¶ Ihesu ! þou, þe maidens sone,
þat with þi blood me bouȝte,
þirle my soule with þi spere anoon,
148 þat myche loue in men hast wrouȝt.

Make my heart
light in Thy
sweetness.

¶ Me longiþ þou lede me into þi sizt,
And fastne þere in þee my pouȝt ;
In þi swetnes make myn herte liȝt,
152 þat al my woo wexe to nouȝt.

- ¶ **I**hesu, my god & my loueli king !
 Forsake þou not my desijr ;
 Mi pouzt make to be meeking ;
 156 I hate boþe pride & ire.
 ¶ þi wil is al my desiryng ;
 Of loue kyndeþe þou þe fier,
 þat y *with* þi sweete louynge
 160 Wiþ aungils take myn hire.
- ¶ Wounde þou myn herte wiþ-izne,
 And weelde me at þi wille ;
 Of blis þat neuere schal blynne,
 164 þou fastne me þat y not spille.
 ¶ þat y þi loue may wrynne,
 Of grace my pouzt þou fille,
 And make me cleene of synne
 168 þat y may come þee tille.
- ¶ Ihesu ! putte in-to myn herte
 þe memorie of þi pyne !
 In lijknēs, and eek in qwarte,
 172 þi loue be euere myne !
 Mi ioie is al of þee ;
 My soule, take it as þine ;
 Mi loue euere wexinge be,
 176 So þat y neuere dwynne.
- ¶ My loue is euere in sizinge
 While y dwelle in þis way ;
 Mi loue is in þee longynge,
 180 þat bindiþ me niȝt & day
 ¶ Tille y come vnto my king,
 þere y wone *with* him may,
 And se his fair schynynge
 184 In lijf þat lastiþ ay.
- Jesu, my God !
 make me meek ;
 kindle within me
 the fire of Love !
 Wield me at Thy
 will
 [Page 98.]
 that I may win
 Thy love
 and come to Thee.
 Jesu, remind me
 of Thy sufferings,
 give me Thy
 Love,
 take my soul as
 Thine.
 My Love sighs
 and longs
 till I come to my
 King
 in Life that lasteth
 aye.

- ¶ Longinge is in me so lent
 For loue, þat y ne can lete ;
 His loue he hap me now sent
 Christ has sent me His Love. 188 þat euery bale may bete ;
 ¶ Sipen þat myn herte was brent
 In cristis loue so sweete,
 Al woo fro me awei is went
 All wee has left me. 192 And we neuere aȝen schulen mete.
- I sit and sing. ¶ I sitte and synge of loue longynge
 [1 Page 99.] þat in my ¹ brest is now bred.
 Jesu, my Joy, Ihesu, my king and my ioiynge !
 196 Whi ne were y to þee led ?
 ¶ Ful weel y woot in al my ȝernynge,
 In al ioie, y schulde be fed.
 bring me to Thy dwelling. Ihesu ! me brynge to þi woniynge,
 200 For þe blood þat þou hast bleed.
- Jesus was hung on the Crosse,
 scourged,
 ¶ Demed he was on a crosse to heng,
 þe fair aungelis foode ;
 Wiþ scourgis þei gan him sore swing
 204 Whanne þat he bounden stooode ;
 ¶ His brist was bloo in betyng,
 Not spilt was his blood ;
 and crowned with thorns. þe þorn crowned þat king
 208 þat doon was on þe roode.
- White was His breast,
 [See *Political R. and L. Poems*,
 p. 214.] wan his face,
 212 White was his nakid breest,
 & reed his bloodi side,
 Wan was his face fairest,
 Hise woundis depe & wide.
 ¶ þe iewis wolde not þan reste
 To pyne him more in þat tide ;
 down his blood did glide, Al he suffride þat was wisest,
 216 His blood to lete doun glide.

- ¶ Blyndid were hise faire yzen,
 And al his fleisch bloodi for-bete ;
 Hise ¹louesum lijf þat alle men size^[n],
 220 Ful myldeli he out gan lete.
- ¶ Deed & lijf bigunne to striuen
 Wheper myzt be maister þere ;
 Liif was slayn, & roos a-zen ;
 224 In-to blis ful fair may we fare.
- ¶ He þat þee bouzt haue al þi þouzt,
 And lede he it in to his loore ;
 3eue al þin herte to crist in qwarte,
 228 And so to loue him euermore.
- ¶ I size, y sobbe, boþe day & nyzt,
 Foroon þat is so fair of hue ;
 þere is no þing myn herte may lizt
 232 But his loue þat is so true.
- ¶ Who so hadde him in his sizte,
 Or in his herte him knewe,
 His moornynge schulde turne into ioie brizt,
 236 His longynge into glewe.
- ¶ In mirþe lyueþ he nyzt & day
 þat loueþ þat sweete childe ;
 Wrappe wolde from him away,
 240 Were he neuere so wielde.
- ¶ It is ihesu, forsoþe to say,
 Of alle meekist & myelde ;
 He þat in herte him loueþ þat day,
 244 From yuel he wole him schielde.
- ¶ Of ihesu þanne moost list me speke,
 þat may of al my bale be bote ;
 Me pinkeþ myn herte wole al to-breke
 248 Whanne y pinke on þat soote.

out he let his

[1 Page 100.]

lovesome life.

Life was slain,

but rose again to
give us bliss.Give thy heart to
Christ!I sigh and sob for
Him;nothing but He
can comfort me.

He alone can

turn mourning
into joy.He who loves
Jesus,

[Page 101.]

meekest and
mildest of all,
will be shielded
from evil.Of Jesus I must
speak,

for He has caught
my heart in Love.

¶ In loue lauzt he hap my bouzt,
þat y schal neuere for-lete ;
Ful dere me þinkeþ he hap me bouzt,
252 Wip bloodi heed, hondis, & feete.

For Love my
heart will burst
when I see Christ.

¶ For loue myn herte wole to-berste
Whanne y þat fair loue biholde ;
Loue is ful fair þere it is fest,
256 þat neuere wole be coolde.

¶ Loue us reueþ þe nyztis rest ;
In grace it makip us boolde ;
Of alle werkis loue is þe beeste,
260 As holi men me hap tolde.

Love is the best
of all works.

I sigh when I
think on Jesus
nailed on the
Cross,

¶ No wondir if y sizhande be,
And sipen in woo al bi-sett ;
Ihesu was nailid upon þe tree ;
264 3he, al bloody for-beet.

¶ To þinke on him is greet pitee,
To se how tenderli he gret ;
þis hap he suffride, man, for þee,
[Page 102.]
suffering for man. 268 If þat þou wolt þi synnes leett.

The sweetness of
Christ's Love
none can tell.

¶ þere is no lijf in erþe may telle
Of þis loue þe swetnes :
þat stidefastli in loue can dwelle,
272 His ioie is euere eendelee.

God keep him
who Loves, from
hell.

¶ God schielde þat he schulde to helle,
þat of loue longinge kan not ceesse,
Or euere hise enemyes schulde him qwelle,
276 Or þat he so his loue schulde lese.

Jesus is the Love
that lasteth aye.

¶ Ihesu is þe loue þat lastip ay ,
To him is oure longinge.
Ihesu þe nyzt turneþ to day,
280 And derknes in-to day spryng.

<p>¶ Ihesu ! pinke on us now and ay, For þee we holde oure kyng ! Ihesu, geue us grace þat weel may, 284 To loue þe with oute eendynge!—A-M-E-N.</p>	<p>Jesu, think on us, and give us Grace to love thee ever. Amen.</p>
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["The good wijf," printed in *The Babees Bokes*, &c., follows.]

Se what oure Lord Suffride for oure Sake.

[Pages 117—120, written without breaks.]

Make good cheer
in Christ's name.

See what he
suffered for our
sake.

Like Him let us
suffer too.

If friends forsake
us, let us think

on Jesus,

how all his
disciples fled but
Mary and John.

If wrong be
wrought us,

God may help at
need; think how
[Page 118.]
Christ has bought
us with His
blood.

BOthe zonge & oolde, whepir 3e be,
in cristis name good cheer 3e make,
and liftip up 3oure hertis, & se
4 What oure lord suffride for *oure* sake.
as meeke as ony lombe was he,
ensaumple of him weel mowe we take,
& to suffre also in *oure* degre,
8 & in his seruice euere to wake.

And if *oure* freendis forsake us heere
so pat we be left al aloone,
pinke on *ihesus* pat bouzt us dere,
12 & to him make we al cure moone;
¶ For of pat lord weel may we leere
What wrong he suffride among hise foon;
Whanne hise disciplis fledden for feer,
16 per bood no mo but marie & iohne.

If ony wrong to us be wrouzt,
Be it in word eijer in dede,
Be of good hope zit in pi pouzt
20 How god may us helpe alle at neede,
And pinke we how *ihesus* crist us bouzt,
& for *oure* synnis hise blood wolde blede;
for his owne gilt was it nouzt,
24 for he dide neuere synful dede.

- ¶ If wickid men do us defame,
pinke how *crist* was bouzt & solde ;
to suffre for him is no schame,
28 but him to *serue* loke we be boold.
And if men hurte us in *oure* name,
We must forzeue, boþe zonge & olde,
For þouȝ we suffre myche blame,
32 *crist* suffride moore a þousand foold.
- And of pouert þouȝ we wolde playne,
for þat we wanten worldli good,
pinke we on *ihesu*, þat lord souereyn,
36 how pore he heng upon þe roode,
¶ And how he stryued not ageyn,
but euere was meeke & mylde of mood.
to folewe þat lord we schulden be fayn,
40 in what degre þat euere we stood.
- & þouȝ we haue sorowe on ech side,
& al aboute wrong & woo,
ȝit suffre meekeli, & a-bide,
44 And pinke on *ihesu* þat suffride also,
and how he was in ful greet drede,
Vnto hise peynis whanne he schulde go ;
he suffride moore in hise manhede
48 þan euere dide man, or euere schal do.
- ¶ þouȝ we *with* wrong to deef be brouzt,
ȝit suffraunce is a sikir way
For þe loue of *ihesu* þat us dere bouzt
52 & deide for us on good friday ;
Wherfore us pinkiþ in oure þouȝt
þat we oure lord schulde please & pay,
And we to sette þis world at nouȝt,
56 And suffre we wickid men to say.
- In *ihesu crist* was meekenes moost,
And þerfore he þe maistrie hadde,
VOL. II. 3
- If men defame us,
let us suffer for
Christ,
and forgive.
He suffered 1000
fold more.
If poverty pinch
us,
think how Jesus
hung, poor, on the
Cross,
meek and mild.
Follow Him.
If sorrow come,
and wrong,
still suffer meekly
and think on
Jesus
[Page 119.]
who suffered more
than any man.
If we be wrongly
brought to death,
yet suffer still
and please our
Lord.
Christ, through
meekness,
overcame

and bound the
Devil,

And bound þe feend for al his boost
60 þu he was neuere so sore adradde.

and brought
Adam, Eve, and
others, from hell.

¶ Al agens his wil & al his oost
Adam & eue with him he ladde,
And many moore out of þat coost
64 þat weren in prisons ful hard bistadde.

If you follow
Jesus,

[Page 139.]
you shall find that
Meekness will
prevail,

And if þou in ihesu haue delite,
þou; al þe world do þee assaile,
Do aftir þis, & þou schalt wite
68 þat meekenes ¹ Wole þee moost auaille;
For who þat suffriþ heere dispite,
And meekeli a-bidiþ in þat bataile,
it wole turne hem to greet profite
72 & eendlees ioie for her trauaile.

bringing you to
endlees joy.

If any man do
you wrong,

for Jesus' love

¶ If ony man do to us a mys,
Or wole in ony wise to us offende,
for þe loue of ihesu haue mynde on þis,
76 & lete meekenes þi mood ameende
wiþ ihesu crist, as oon of his,

suffer it; you
shall dwell with
Him in bliss.

And suffre meekeli what god wole sende,
þanne schal we be with him in blis
80 þat euere schal laste wiþouten eende. A-M-E-N.

[“How mankinde dooþ bigynne,” pp. 58-78 of this Text,
follows here.]

I wiyte my silf myn owne Woo.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 226-33.*]

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>IN my 3onge age ful wielde y was,
 Mi silf pat tyme cowde y not knowe,
 Y wolde haue my wil in euery place,
 4 And pat hap now brouzt me ful lowe.
 pinke, ihesu, how y am pin owe !
 For me weere pi sidis bope pale & bloo !
 To chastise me þou doist it, y trowe ;
 8 Y wiyte my silf myne owne woo !</p> <p>¶ I made couenaunt, true to be,
 Firste whanne y baptisid was ;
 Y took to þe world, & wente from þee,
 12 Y folewide þe feend al in his traas ;
 From wrapþe and enuye wolde y not pas ;
 Coueitise and auarise y usid also,
 Mi fleische hadde his wille, alas !
 16 Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo !</p> <p>¶ Now y woot y was ful wielde,
 In pat my wil passid my witt ;
 Y was ful sturdy, & þou ful myelde ;
 20 Ihesu, lord, y knowe weel it.
 Of pi blis y were ful qwytt
 If y hadde aftir pat y haue do ;
 But to pi merci y truste zitt,
 24 Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo !</p> | <p>In my youth I
 was very wild,</p> <p>and that has
 brought me low,
 But, Jesu, think
 how I am thine.</p> <p>I blame myself
 for my woe.</p> <p>I kept not my
 baptismal
 covenant,</p> <p>but followed the
 devil,</p> <p>let my flesh
 have its will,</p> <p>and was
 rebellious.</p> <p>But, Jesu,
 [Page 227.]</p> <p>I trust to Thy
 mercy.</p> |
|--|---|

I was proud and
extravagant,

¶ I was hiȝ of herte and stowte,
And in my cloþing wondre gay ;
I lokide men schulde vn-to me lowte

28 Where-so þat y wente bi þe wey.

caring only for
women and dress.

Faire wommen, and good aray,
Al myn entent y took þer-to ;
Aȝen þi techinge euere y seide nay ;

32 I wite my silf myn owne woo !

I trusted riches,
not God,

¶ I trustide more to worldli good
þan to god þat it me sente ;
Weelþe made me hiȝ of mood ;

36 Lust and likyng me ouer wente.

and stuck at no-
thing to get
money.

To gete good y wolde not stente,
Y ne rouȝte how y come þer-to ;
To þe poore y neiþer ȝaf ne lente ;

40 Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo !

[Page 228.]
Lord, I feared
Thee not,
but Thou

¶ Lord, y hadde no drede of þee ;
Mi grace wente away þerfore ;
But, lord, as þou bouȝtist me,

44 So lete me neuere be for-lore.

suffered't for me.

For me þou suffredist peines sore ;
þou art my freend, and y þi foo ;

Have mercy on
me!

Mercy, lord ! y wole no more ;

48 Y wiyte my silf myn owne wo !

Three evil things
ruin a man.

¶ þer ben .iiij. poyntis of myscheef
þat ben confusioun to many a man,
Which þat worchen to her soulis greet greef ;

52 Y schal hem rehersen as y can.

I. The desire of
poor men to look
like rich ones.

Poore men proud, þat litil han,
þei wolen be a-raied as riche men goo ;
þei hindren hem silf & oþir þan,

56 And mowe wiyte hem silf her owne woo.

II. The covet-
ousness of rich
men,

¶ A riche man, þeef, is anothir,
þat of coueitise wole not slake ;

- If he *with* wrong bigile his bropir,
 60 Heuene blis he schal forsake ;
 Bifore god, for peeftē it is take,
 Al þat *with* wrong he wynneþ so ;
 But if he here a-meendis make ¹
 64 he schal wiyte him silf his owne woo.

cheating others,

[Page 229.]
which with God
is theft.

[1 MS. made]

- ¶ An oolde man lechchour, þe þridde it is,
 For his complexioun wexiþ coolde ;
 It bringeþ þe soule to peyne from blis,
 68 It stinkeþ on god so manye foolde.
 Theise .iiij. þat y haue of toold
 Ben pleasinge to þe feend oure foo ;
 Hem to use, who is so boold,
 72 May wiyte him silf his owne woo.

III. The lechery
of old men.These three please
the Devil.

- ¶ Manye defaultis god may fynde
 In vs þat schulde hise seruautis be ;
 He schewiþ us loue, & we vnkinde,
 76 Certis þe more to blame be wee.
 Summe staren broode & moun not se,
 Synne is þe cause it fariþ soo ;
 Suche dreden not god, y seie to þee,
 80 And may wiyte hem silf her owne woo.

God shows us

love, and we look

away from Him
through sin.We may blame
ourselves for our
own woe.

- ¶ In iij. þingis y dare weel sayn
 god schulde be worschipide ouer al þing ;
 do rihtwijsnes *with* merci *with* al þi mayn ;
 84 þe þridde is cleennesse in lyuynge :
 To bischopis & curatis þat han kepinge,
 it is her charge, & to lordis also.
 and if þei contrarie god-is biddinge,
 88 þei may wiyte hem silf her owne woo.

[Page 230.]
In three things
we should
worship God,
Righteousness,
Mercy,
Chastity,
which bishops,
curates, and lords
are bound to keep.

- ¶ wrong is an hiȝ seete þere riȝt schulde be,
 merci for mys deede is putt away ;

Wrong is now set
up where Right
should be.

Lechery drives
away Purity.

- lecherie hap made clenness to flee,
92 Loue may not abide nyght ne day.
þus þe feend, y dare weel say,
wole make oure freend oure moost foo :
man, amende þee whilis þou may,
96 Or wiyte þi silf þin owne woo.

I must be trou-
bled while I fol-
low my own will.

- ¶ It is no wondir þouȝ y be woo
myn owne wil while y wole sewe,
& my lordis bidding wole not doo :
100 y am ful fals, but he is trewe,
And ȝit he fyndip me with al þing newe,
And y serue þe feend, and go him froo ;
But if y amende, it schal me rewe,
104 And may wiyte my silf myn owne woo.

[Page 231.]
I serve the devil.

Priests, knights,
and labourers
shall all suffer if
they do wrong,

- ¶ In þre degrees þe world kept is,
With preestis, knyȝtis, and laborere,
And which of hem þat doon amys,
108 þei schulen it abie wondir deer.
Bi good ensaumplis þe preestis schuld lere
þe vnlearned how þei schulden doo :
If her word & werk coorde not in fere,
112 þei mowe wite hem silf her owne woo.

and blame them-
selves for their
distress.

Lords should

help the poor,

but instead often
oppress them, and
when in woe will
have to blame
themselves.

- ¶ Knyȝthode also, lordis, ne opir,
Schulden not be of conscience light,
þei schulden helpe her poore suster or broþer,
116 And also strengþe hem in her ryght
þoruȝ pride & coueitise summe leesen her myȝt ;
For lecherie, grace is kept hem froo ;
If þei biholde her owne in-syght,
120 þei mowe wiyte hem silf her owne woo.

[Page 232.]
Labourers should

- ¶ þe laborer schulde truly traueile þan,
And be riȝtful boþe in worde & deede,

- And what-euere werkis þat he can,
 124 And resonabli to take his meede.
 Wrongfulli summe her lijf heere lede,
 Among leerned & lewde it is founde so,
 And in her laste eende it is to drede
 128 þei mowe wiyte *hem* silf *her* owne wo.
- ¶ Man, take hede what þou art :
 But wormes meete ! þou woost weel þis ;
 Whanne þat þe erþe hap take his part,
 132 Heuene and helle schal haue his.
 If þou doist weel, þou goist to blis ;
 If þou do yuel, þou goost to þi foo ;
 Loue þi lord god, & pinke on þis,
 136 Or þou wite þi silf þin owne woo.
- ¶ Now ihesu crist, oure sauour :
 From oure foos þou vs defende ;
 In al oure nede be oure socour,
 140 Heere & whanne we hens wende,
 And sende us grace so to amende,
 His blisse þat we may come vnto,
 Heere to make so good an eende
 144 þat wee not cause oure owne woo.
- Deo gracias.

work well, and
 take reasonable
 wages.
 But some do
 wrong,

and will have to
 blame themselves.

Man, worms'
 food, thou must
 go

to bliss or hell.

Do not have to
 blame thyself for
 thy woe.

Christ, defend us,

here and
 hereafter.

[Page 233.]

Bring us to Thy
 bliss that we may
 not cause our own
 woe.

[End of the MS. In a later hand is "This is *sir* Hary
 myndes booke, Record of John Daus, & of *sir* John George & of
Sir Robert george fines (?)]

The Virtues of the Name Jesus.

[Page 88.]

This name, Jesus,

when thou
speakest it, it
shall be honey in
thy mouth and
melody in thine
heart.

[Page 89.]

Think on Jesus;

It drives out the
devil, and opens
heaven.

Also hail Mary
often.

Keep Love in
thine heart, for
Love is the ful-
filling of the Law.

IF pou wole be weel with god, *And* haue grace
to reule þi lijf, *And* come to þe ioie of loue, þis name
ihesu, fastne it so fast in þin herte þat it come neuere
4 out of þi pouȝt. And whanne þou spekist to him,
& seist ihesu þoruȝ custum, It schal be in þin eere
ioie, *And* in þi moup hony, *And* in þin herte melo-
die, For þou schalt þinke ioie to heere þe name of
8 ihesu be nempned *,² swetnes to speke it, Myrþe &
song to þinke on it. If þou þinke on ihesu con-
tynueli, And holde it stabli, It purgip þi synne, it
kyndelip þin herte, It clarifieþ þi soule, It remeueþ
12 anger, it doiþ a-way slownes, It wyndip in loue
fulfillid of charite, It chasip þe deuel, it puttip
out drede, It openep heuene, it makip contemplatijf
men haue in mynde ofte ihesu, For alle vicis &
16 fantums it puttip fro þe louer. Also þerto heile ofte
marie boþe day & nyȝt, *And* þanne myche ioie &
loue schalt þou fele. And þou do astir þis lore, þe
needip not greetli coueite many bookis. Holde loue
20 in herte & in werk, *And* þou hast al þat we may
seie or write, For fulnes of lawe is charite: In þat
hongip al.

* There is a curl of contraction as for *er* over the second *e*.

A Song Called
Þe Deuelis Parliament,
 or
Parlamentum of Feendis.

(*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., Pages 157—182.*)

Whanne marye was greet with gabriel,
 And had conceyued & boren a childe,
 Alle þe deuelis of þe eir, of erþe, & of helle,
 4 helden þer paralamēt of þat maide mylde,
 ¶ What man had made her wombe to swelle.
 “To tempten hir 3e tenden to seelde;
 her childis fadir who can telle,
 8 Who dide with hir þo werkis wielde?”

When Mary had
 given birth to
 Jesus, all the
 Devils held a
 consultation as to
 who had begotten
 Him.

¶ In helle þe feendis þoo answeride,
 “We knew neuere fadir þat he hadde,
 But amongis prophetis we haue leerid
 12 þat god with man hap couenaunt maade:
 ¶ A serpent in deseert was rerid,
 So schal god-is sone in man be had,
 þe soule of him schal be vnsperid,
 16 his herte to-cloue, and he for-bleed.

The Hell-Devils
 did not know, but
 had learnt from
 Prophets

that God's Son
 was to be raised
 in man, and to
 suffer death;

¶ Þese prophetis speken so in myst,
 What þei mente we neuere knewe;
 þei spoken of oon schulde hote crist,
 20 But maries sone hiȝte ihesu;

[Page 158.]
 and that one,
 Christ, should
 come; but Mary's
 Son was Jesus.

Also that Christ
should be one
with God; but
Jesus was not. So
the Devils were
puzzled.

¶ And þei seiden þat crist with god schulde be
a-twist,

But þis ihesu neuere in þe godhede grew ;
We ben bigilid alle wiþ oure lyst.

24 þe cloop is al of anothir hew ;

But they agreed
that if God sent
His Son into
man's body,

¶ And þouȝ god make hise parlament
Of pees, mercy, trouthe, & resoun,
And from heuen til erþe his sone be sent

28 In mankinde to take a cesoun,

¶ We schulen ordeyne bi oon assent
A priuey counsell al of tresoun,
And clayme ihesu for oure rent :

32 For þat he is kinde of man, it is good chesoun.

they would claim
Him as theirs,
because He'd be
of man's nature,

¶ Write we his name, wheþer we spede,
Sipen to us he is vnknownen,

For þouȝ he be come of straunge seed,

36 ȝit in adams grounde was he sowen.

¶ Whanne he is ripe, do we oure dede ;
Loke we þat we him boþe repe & mowen,
For þouȝ god him silf oure rollis rede,

40 Bi rizt we chalenge ihesu for oure owne."

and though of
alien begetting,
yet sown in
Adam's ground,
[Page 159.]
and to be reaped
by them,
God notwithstanding.

The Master Devil
undertook to
tackle Jesus,

"To me, maistir deucl, it liȝs ;

To ihesu wole y take hede,

To norische him in manye delijs,

44 His freel fleische boþe to cloþe & fede ;

¶ And þouȝ þat he be neuere so wiȝs,

ȝit out of þe wey y wole him lede,

And make of him boþe fool and nyce,

48 And in helle his soule brede."

make a fool of
him, and bring
His soul to hell.

¶ þus deuclis þer wilis caste

Wiþ þer argumentis greeȝe,

& þritti ȝeer þei foondid faste

For 30 years they
tried

52 To tempte ihesu in manye an hete.

¶ “In to a wildirnes with ihesus y paste,
Of him knowliche for to gete,
And fourty daies þere he faste

to tempt Jesus,
and went to a
wilderness where

56 Wipoute sleep, drinke, or meete.”

he fasted 40 days.

¶ þe maistir deuel wondre þouzte
Of ihesus stalworþe complexioun;
Bi mannys fode lyuede he nouzte,

[Page 160.]
The Master Devil
wondered at
Jesus' constitu-
tion, living only
on prayers; but
at last tempted
Him, 'Here are
stones, make
them bread.'

60 But bi praiers and deuocioun.

¶ “But whanne he bigan to hunger, as me þouzt,
To tempte him þanne y made me boun:
'Lo, heere be stoonys hard y-wrouzte,

64 Make herof breed, y seide, to mannys foisoun.’

¶ ‘Forsoþe,’ ihesu seide, ‘not oonli in breed
is verrili mannys propir lyuyng,
But in euery worde of þe godhede

Jesus said, ‘Man’s
food is not bread
alone, but every
word of God.’
The devil took
Him to a pinna-
cle, leapt down,
and asked Him to
follow,

68 To body and soule is counfortyng.’

¶ Vpon an hiȝ pinnacle þanne y him brouzte,
And left him þere, and leep a-downe,
And seide, ‘sauē þee harmelees, lyme & heed,

72 And kipe now maistries while þou art ȝonge.

¶ If þou be god-is sone, lete se;
Of þee is writen longe a-noon,
‘Aungils in hondis schullen beere þee

‘Angels shall
bear Thee in their
hands lest Thou
strike Thy foot
against a stone.’

76 Lest þou spurne þi foot at a stoon.’

¶ Quod ihesu, ‘in holi writt þou maist se,
Tempte not þi lord god lyuyng aloone;
Wip al þi myght and þi pooste

[Page 161.]
Jesus said,
‘Tempt not thy
God, but serve
Him with all thy
might.’

80 þou schalt him serue, and opir noone.’”

¶ þe deuel siȝ it myght not geyn;
Of ihesu his purpos he gan mys;
He brouzte him til an hiȝ mownteyn,

Then the Devil
brought Him to
a mountain,

- showed Him all
the world's riches,
and said,
‘Worship me, and
all this is Thine.’
- ‘Begone, Satan,
from heaven !
- Thy Lord God
only shalt thou
honour.’
Alas, said the
Devil,
- I am sore hit, I
never stood such
an attack.
- [Page 162.]
Again the Devils
held their Parlia-
ment in the mist.
‘Some one is
coming to rifle
our home. Once
his name was
John the Baptist,
then Jesus, then
Christ.
- He has never
sinned in lust,

but has resisted
temptation.

He said he would
throw down the
Temple, and raise
it on the third
day.
- At His birth
- 84 And bad him do as he wolde wys.
¶ And þere he schewide him upon þat pleyn,
Iewels, ritchesse, and worldli blisse ;
“ Worschepe me here, & bicomē my swayn,
88 And y schal ȝeue þee al this.”
- ¶ “ Go, sathanas ! from blis þou flit,
From heuene riche, þat rial tour !
It is writen oonli in holi writt
92 ‘þi lord god þou schalt honour.’ ”
¶ “ Alas,” quod þe deuel, “ where hast þou þat
witt ?
þi wordis are bittir, þi werkis aren sour,
þi conclusioun so soore me knyht,
96 I abood neuere so scharp a schour.”
- ¶ þe deuelis gadriden þer greet frame,
And heelden þer parlament in þe myst.
“ Oon wolde riflee us at hame,
100 And gadere þe flour out of oure gryst ;
¶ Neewe gilours wolde waite us schame,
Oon[ys] men clepid him iohne þe baptist,
But now he haþ turned, ihesus is his name :
104 þat first hiȝte ihesu, now is clepid cryst,
- ¶ I siȝ him neuere rage ne plawe,
But euere in stabilnes he is ay,
And streitely kepiþ god-is lawe,
108 And stijfly wiþ-stoondiþ myn assay ;
¶ To werkis of vice wole he not drawe ;
A wondir worde y herde him say,
þe greet temple he wolde doun þrawe,
112 And reise it aȝen on þe þridde day.
- ¶ Whanne he was born, wondris bifel :
Ouer al was pees, boþe cest and west,

- In rome of oile þere sprong a welle,
 116 From tristiuere to tybre it ran prest.
 ¶ In rome þer templis doun felle,
 þer mawmetis diden al to-brest,
 Aungils to scheperdis glorie gan telle—
 120 ‘In erþe, to al mankinde, boþe pees & rest.’
- ¶ þe emperour in rome stood hiȝe,
 þre sunnis in oon he siȝ schyninge clere,
 In þe myddis of hem a maiden he siȝ
 124 A man childe in her armes beere.
 ¶ þe emperour & eek sibile spoken prophesie,
 And þei acordiden boþe in feere,
 And seiden ‘god-is sone mankinde schulde bie ;
 128 It is þe tokene, þe tyme neiȝeþ neere.’
- ¶ Also þre kingis come fro fer,
 To worschipe ihesu al þei souȝte ;
 þat reisid eroudis herte þere
 132 þem to slee, for þei so wrouȝte.
 ¶ Bi þe liȝtynge of a sterre,
 To ihesu alle þre presentis þei brouȝte ;
 Homeward an aungil tauȝte hem nerre
 136 A-noþer wey þan þei had þouȝte.
- ¶ þanne y counsellid eroud *with-inne* a while
 To distroie þe former prophesie,
 þat alle men children in towne & pile
 140 to slee þem, þat ihesus myȝht *with* hem die.
 ¶ He ascapide in to egypt ; in þat while
 þer mawmetis fil doun from an hiȝe ;
 he knew my þouȝte, & siȝ my gilee,
 144 y myȝhte not hide me from his yȝe.
- ¶ To tempte ihesu it wole not auaile ;
 Of þe worldis good haȝ he no neede ;

a well of oil
 sprang up in
 Rome ; temples
 fell ; idols broke.
 [Page 163.]

Angels announced
 Peace on earth
 to all mankind.

The Emperor saw
 three Suns in
 one ; in their
 midst a Maid with
 a child.

He and the Sibyl
 prophesied, ‘God’s
 Son shall redeem
 mankind ; the
 time draws nigh.’

Three Kings came
 from far to
 worship Jesus,

led by the light of
 a Star, bringing
 presents

[Page 164.]
 The Devil advised
 Herod

to slay all the
 male children,

but Jesus escaped
 into Egypt,

detecting the
 Devil’s guile.

‘It is no good to
 tempt Him ;

- I leese on him so myche trauaile,
 the more I work 148 þe more y so worche, þe worse y spede ;
 the worse I speed ¶ With þe scharper a-sautis y him assaile,
 þe lasse of me he stoonðip in drede,
 and the less He 152 þe bolder in bikir y bidde him bataile,
 heeds me. þe lasse of me he takip hede.
- If I tempt Him ¶ For if y tempte him in wrappe or pride,
 Wiþ pacience and mekenes he sconfitiþ me ;
 to lechery, He 156 If y tempte him to letcherie, y muste me hide,
 escapes by chastity. He voidip me of wiþ chastitee.
 [Page 165.] ¶ In glotenie & enuye wole he not abide,
 He abides in But is euere in mesure and in charitee ;
 charity, and will In coueitise & auarise wole he not ride,
 not be covetous. 160 but is euere in largenes and in pouerte."
- I can't make him 164 ¶ þe deuel seide, "neiper in hoot ne coolde
 stumble. He I may not make him stumble ne falle ;
 never went to I nyste him neuere goo to scole,
 school, and yet 164 And 3it oonis y siþ him spute in þe scoole halle :
 I saw Him argu- ¶ He satte him silf on þe hizest stoole,
 ing against all And argued azens þe maistris alle ;
 the Doctors. Summe callid him wijs, summe callid him foole,
 He calls Himself 168 But 'goddis sone' he him silf dooþ calle.
 God's Son.
- He makes the 172 ¶ Hise werkis passen mannis kinde,
 crooked straight, For crokid & creplis he makip riþt ;
 gives sight to the 172 For deef, & dombe, & boren blynde,
 blind, sense to he 3eueþ hem speche, heeryng, & sight.
 madmen, ¶ Woode men, he 3eueþ hem þer mynde,
 and drives out And makip mesels hool and liþt ;
 devils. A legioun of feendis in a man he dide finde,
 176 Alle he drofe out þoruþ his myght.
- [Page 166.] ¶ Wiyn of watir he makip blyue,
 He turns water And dooþ manye a wondir dede,
 into wine ;

Wip two fyschis, and loues fyue,
 180 fyue þousand men y saw; him fede.
 ¶ Twelue leepis of releef þerof dide priue
 To men, women, & children, þat hadden nede;
 Deed men he reisid from deep to lyue,
 184 And ȝit weriþ he neuere but oo wede.

feeds 5000 men
 with two fishes
 and five loaves,
 leaving 12 baskets
 of fragments,
 and raises the
 dead to life.

¶ He handliþ neiþer money ne knyf,
 Neiþer in synne desiriþ he ony woman to kis;
 But oonis he saued a weddid wijf,
 188 In spousebriche þat hadde doon mys.
 ¶ He is so wondirful in lijf,
 I can not knowe weel what he is;
 I wolde we hadde eendid oure striif;
 192 He is oute of oure bookis, & we out of his.

He desires no sin
 with woman,
 and yet once
 saved an
 adulteress.
 He is such a
 wonder I cannot
 make out what
 He is. He is out
 of my books.

A fitte. **S**ipen y him first tempte bigan,
 I siz him neuere chaunge hewe;
 Oonys he bad me "go, foule sathan!"

I have never seen
 him change
 colour, though
 once He reproved
 me.

196 Euere-more þat repreef y rewe.
 ¶ In werkis he is good, in persooone a man;
 Lijk to him y neuere noon knewe.
 Where lerned he al þe witt þat he can?
 200 For euery day he dooþ wondris neewe.

[Page 167.]
 In person He is a
 man; but where
 does His know-
 ledge come from?

¶ I folewide him oonys to a place,
 To a mownteyne upon an hizte;
 Petir, iames, & iohn, þere was,
 204 Ely & moyses stood þere up rizt.
 ¶ I wolde haue seen ihesu-is face,
 But y myȝt not, it schoon so briȝt;
 In þe soopfast sunne closid it was,
 208 þe briȝt beemys blent my sizt.

Once I saw Him
 with Peter,
 James, John,
 Elias, and Moses.
 His face shone so
 briȝt
 that it blinded
 me.

¶ To lette þe prophesie scone y went,
 þe iewis to slee ihesu y ȝaf hem chois;

I gave the Jews
 the choice of
 killing Jesus.

If he dies on the
croes we are
ruined ; so I was
sorry to hear
their 'Crucify
Him,' and set
Pilate's wife to
stop it.

If he die on þe roode, we schul be schent :
212 I wolde not þat þei hadde ȝeue þat vois.
¶ Me was woo for þat iugement,
Of "crucifuge" to heere þe noise ;
Pilatis wijf y bad bisily ȝeue tent
216 þat ihesu were not doon on þe crois.

[Page 168.]
But the Jews bore
false witness,
and nailed Him on
the Croes till He
died.

¶ Ȝit þe iewis, for hise dedis goode,
Fals witnes vpon him þei berid,
And nailed him upon þe roode,
220 And peyned him þere til þat he died.

I looked sharp
after His soul,
but couldn't see
where it went.

¶ Vndir his lift side y my silf stood,
And aftir his soule ful naruz a-spied ;
I wist neuere whidir it ȝode ;
224 Whanne he it up ȝaf, so manly he cried ;

The sun and moon
lost their light,
the earth
trembled,

¶ þe sunne & moone losten þer light,
þe elementis fouȝten as leit of þundir,
þe erþe qwoke, and mownteynes an hight,
228 Valeis, & stoonys, bursten a-sundir ;

dead men arose.

¶ Dede men risen þoruȝ his myȝt
To bere witnes of þat woȝdir ;
My mynde failid, y loste my siȝte,
232 I nyste how soone y came þer vndir.

I lost my senses,

and don't know
where His soul is
gone to.

¶ Ihesu is soule is wente, y woot not where,
So priuely it dide from me passe ;
Whanne his herte was þirllid with a spere,
236 þanne wyste y weel who he was.

[Page 169.]
But we must get
ready all our
tackle, for He'll
attack us.
Prepare for
defence.

¶ Ordeyne we us wiȝ al oure gere,
For hidir he þinkip to make a race ;
Arise we alle þat ben bounden heere,
240 And foond we to defende oure place,

If He comes we
must all try

¶ For if þat he wole hidir come,
We schulen foonde euery-choon,

Alle to-gidere, þoþe hool & some,
244 To teer him from þe top to þe toon."

¶ Þanne seide lucifer anoone,
"It is but waast to speken so ;
þe spirit of him is now hidir come

248 For to worchen us alle woo."

to tear Him from
top to toe.
Lucifer said,
'That's no good ;
His spirit is now
here to work our
woe.

¶ Þere as þe goode soulis diden in dwelle,
þei cheyned þe ʒatis, and barred hem faste ;
"A ! now," ihesu seide, "ʒe princis felle,
252 Openeþ þe ʒatis þat euere schal laste,
¶ And letiþ in ʒoure king of blis to helle."
þe deuelis axid him þanne in haste,
"Who is þe king of blis þou doost of telle ?
256 Wenest þou to make us alle a-gaste ?"

The Devils
chained up and
barred the gates
where the good
souls were.
Jesus said,
'Princes fell, open
the gates, and let
the King of Bliss
into Hell.'
The Devils asked,
'Who is the King
of Bliss ?'

¶ "Strong god and king of myght,
I am lord and king of blis,
Ouer-comer of deef, myghti in fight !
260 Euerlastynge ʒatis, openeþ wight !

¶ Boþe pees, mercy, trouþe, & right,
I brouȝt them at oon, & made þem to kis ;
Euerlastynge ʒatis, openeþ on hight,
264 And lete in ʒoure king to take out his !

[Page 170.]
'I am,' said
Christ, 'and over-
comer of death.

Everlasting
gates ! open
quickly.

Let in your King
to take out His
own.

¶ For y, þe soule of ihesu crist, am come hider,
Witnes þerof, my body in erþe lieþ deed,
And þe holi goost with þe soule togider
268 þat neuere schal parte from þe godhede.

¶ In heuen blis ʒe stoden full slidir ;
þoruȝ pride ʒe offendid my fadris bede ;
Mannis soule for meeknes schal come pider,
272 þere as ʒe feendis forfeȝid þat stide."

I, Christ's soul,
am here, though
my body lies
dead.

Ye lost Heaven
from Pride.
Man through
Meekness shall
possess your
seats.'

¶ Þanne seide lucifer, "god dide forbede
To adam in paradiis but oon tree,

Lucifer said, 'God
condemned

- Adam to Hell for ever.
[Page 171.]
Thou art of Adam's seed, and we claim Thee.
There is no return from Hell.
- And peyne of deef to haue for þat dede,
276 And aftir in helle euere for to be :
¶ And þou art come of adam seed,
þerfore bi right we chalenge pee,
For in holi writt þou made rede,
280 ' In helle is no remedie.' "
- 'True,' said Christ; 'but the closed Hell is for you; this Hell is free.
- ¶ Ihesu seide, " lucifer, soop þou tellist me ;
But þou woost not þi silf how
þere is a boonde helle, but þis is free.
284 þe boond helle was ordeyned for þou ;
¶ For þat þat man forfeted þoruþ a tree,
þoruþ a tree aþen bouzt is he now.
þou madist him synne, þe peyne longiþ to pee,
288 For þou waitist neuere good to manniss prowþ.
- Man is redeemed.
Thou art condemned.
- I sprang not from sinful seed, but
took flesh in a maiden sinlessly.
- ¶ Lucifer, þou me vndir-nome,
And seidist y was of þe seed of adams kyn ;
forsope y out of þe godhede come,
292 And took fleisch & blood a maiden *with-inne*.
¶ for as of þe seed of erþe þer springiþ blome,
So mette we, & partid wiþoute synne :
þin argumēt is fals, so is þi doome ;
296 Bi what right woldist þou me wyne ?
- [Page 172.]
When thou temptedst Adam,
I fought for him,
- ¶ Who was cheef of þi counsell
In heuen whanne þou forfetedist þe blis ?
In paradiis adam þou dedist assaile,
300 And temptidist him to forfete his ;
¶ And y in his quarel took bataile
Aþen my fadir to amende his mys,
Wherfor of þi purpos þou schalt faile,
304 forþi þi quarel nouzt it is."
- and now will defeat thee.
- Lucifer said,
- ¶ þanne lucifer answeride ageyn,
" Whi spekest þou so to me heere ?

- It is but wantowne wordis *in* veyn ;
- 308 I trowe þou comest hidir us to fere.
- ¶ Sumtyme whanne y was *in* heuen an hiȝ,
þat þat y þere loste for my pride, certeyn,
Heere-aftir y hope ful sikirly
- 312 For to come to þat blis ageyn."
- ¶ Crist ihesu spak to sathan tho,
And seide to him in þis manere,
"It is but waast to speken so,
- 316 Or ony suche wordis to seie now here.
- ¶ þat tyme while þou in heuen were,
Ful myche ioie haddist þou tho ;
For alle þi felawis, glad were þei þere,
- 320 But riȝt soone it was ouer-goo."
- ¶ Lucifer spak to him ageyn,
And seide to him *with* wordis sere,
"In þis place y haue dwellid *in* woo & peine
- 324 Moore þan þis .iiij. þousand ȝeere :
- ¶ Helpe me to þat blis ageyn
þe which y loste for my pride þere,
for þere it is myrie in certeyn
- 328 To wonye wiþ rial aungils clere."
- ¶ "I seie þee, lucifer, y schal þee telle,
Or euere ony þing was wrought—
Heuene or erþe, eir or helle,—
- 332 Forsoþe þoo y made þee of nought.
- ¶ In heuen whanne þou stoodist *in* wele,
I made þee aboue aungils alle,
But þerof rauȝt þou neuere a deel,
- 336 Suche pride in þin herte gan falle.
- ¶ In heuen whanne þou were at þi wille,
þou myȝtist haue be in pees & reste ;
- 'Thou comest here to frighten us.
- I hope to get to heaven again.'
- Christ answered,
- 'That is idle talk.
- [Page 173.]
While you were in heaven you had much joy, but it soon ceased.'
- Lucifer said, 'I have dwelt here in torment above 4000 years; help
- me to bliss again,
- to merry time with angels.'
- Christ answered,
- 'Before the heavens were I made thee of nothing,
- and set thee above the angels.
- [Page 174.]
In heaven

I gave thee my
seat when I went
away, and when
I came back thou

I took þee my seete ful stille,
340 It to 3eme þou were ful prest ;

said'st thou wast
the worthier,

¶ And while y wente where me list,
And come a3en a-noon in hi3e,
þou seidist þat þou were worpiest,
344 And to sitte þere as weel as y ;

and thou never
repentedst.

¶ And þou repentidist þee neuermore,
But euere aggregidist þi trespas.

Adam did ; he

asked mercy. God
sent me here for
that, and let me
die.

Adam wepte & sizede soore,
348 And askid mercy & oile of grace ;
¶ My fadir sende me hidir þefore,
Vpon a tree leete deef me chase,
A spere þoru3 myn herte gan boore,
352 & leete out þe derworpiest oile þat euere was.

In His name, open
your gates.

¶ In my fadris name of heuene
Opene þe 3atis a3ens me ! "

Like lightning
the gates burst.

Christ took
out Adam and all
His chosen ones ;
and all sang
thankz, namely,

As li3t of leite, and þundir leeme,
356 þe 3atis to-burste, and gan to flee ;
¶ God took out adam and eue ful euene,
And alle hise chosen companye.
þe prophetis seiden with mylde steuene,
360 " A song of wondris now synge we."

Adam,

¶ " A, ha !" seide **Adam**, " my god y se ;
He þat made me wiþ his hond ! "

Noah,

" I se," seide **noe**, " where comeþ hee
364 þat sauede me bope on watir & londe ! "

Abraham,

¶ Quod **abraham**, " y se my god so free
þat sauede my sone fro bittir bande ! "

Moses,

þo seide **moyses**, " þese tablis he bitook me
368 His lawe to preche and vndirstande ! "

David,

¶ Quod **Dauid**, " we spoken of oon so grym
þat schulde breke þe brasen 3atis. "

- Quod **Zacharie**, “ & his folk out nym,
 372 And leue þere stille þo þat he hatis.”
 ¶ Quod **symeon**, “ he liȝtneþ his folk in dym,
 Lo where derknes schendip her statis.
 þo seide **iohne**, “ þis lomb, y spak of him,
 376 þat al þe worldis synne a-batys.”
- ¶ Oure lord them took bi þe hond,
 And brouȝt þem to þe place of blis,
 And seide to them, y vndir-stonde,
 380 “ þis bargeyn y haue bouȝt her, þis :
 ¶ For riche & pore, free and bonde
 þat wole axe grace and ameende þer mys,
 Schulen be with ȝou heere pleyande
 384 In my kingdom, heuene blis.”
- ¶ Thus ihesus crist harewide helle,
 And ledde hise louers to paradijs :
 Of þe opere hellis wolde he not melle,
 388 Where feendis blake bounden lijs,
 ¶ And where dampned soulis euere schulen dwelle
 þat wolen not do weel, but euere be nyce,
 Turmentid with horrible deuellis of helle
 392 þat sumtyme were aungils of prijs.
- ¶ Helle repreued þo þe deuел sathan,
 And horribli gan him dispice,
 “ To me þou art a schrewide captayn,
 396 A combrid wretche in cowardise.”
 ¶ þo seide lucifer, “ siþen þe world bigan
 I haue brouȝt hidir manye a greet price
 Hidir into helle of al kinde of man,
 400 Boþe þe false, foolis, and þe wise.
- ¶ Helle, so worschipide neuere þou were
 If þou cowdist haue kept þee soo ;
- Zachariah,
 Symeon,
 and John the Bap-
 tist.
- [Page 176.]
 Christ led
 them to bliss, say-
 ing he had bought
 it for all who will
- ask grace, and
 amend their sins.
- Thus Christ
 harrowed Hell.
 But the other
 hells he wouldn't
 touch, where
 fiends and damn-
 ed souls ever
 dwell,
- tormented by
 horrible devils.
- Then Hell re-
 proached Satan
 with cowardice.
- [Page 177.]
 But Lucifer justi-
 fied himself; he
 had brought all
 kinds of men
 there,
- and Christ too;
 but Hell wouldn't

keep them.

I brouzte þee boþe god & man in fere ;
404 Whi were þou so nyce to leete him go ?”

Hell said he
couldn't help it.
Christ took them.

¶ Quod helle, “ not wiþ þi poowere
I myzte not werne him oon of tho ;
He took out alle þat were him dere ;
408 I myzte not lette him, þouȝ he wolde mo.”

Beelzebub barred
up the gates, but
Christ broke them
through with a
word.

¶ Quod belsabub, “ y barrid ful faste
þe ȝatis *with* lok, cheyne, bolt, & pyn ;
And *with* oo word of his wyndis blaste
412 þei broken vp, and he came ynne.
¶ He boond me, and downe me caste ;
it is to us no bote to stryue *with* him ;
Whanne þe dreedful doome is come & paste,
416 Oure eendeles peyne is þanne to bigynne.”

[Page 178.]
Jesus rose on the
third day,

¶ þouȝ þe iewis diȝe ihesu to die,
Ȝit on þe þridde day he roos to liif aȝen ;
It was to him moore victorie
420 þan þowȝ he hadde alle þe iewis sleyn.

and was seen by
many ;

¶ Summe were glad whanne þei him siȝe,
Summe were sory, summe were fayne,
And sumtyme in oon companye
424 Amonge .v. hundrid he was seyn.

once in a company
of 500.

To Mary Magda-
lene He said

¶ Of oynement ful manye a drope,
Marie mawdeleyne to ihesu sche brouzte ;
Ihesu wente fro a litil a-slope,
428 And seide, “ mawdeleyn, towche me nouȝt.”

‘Touch me not,’
but to His
disciples,
‘Handle my
wounds; I have
flesh and blood,
which ghosts
have not.’

¶ Alle hise disciplis weren in wanhope ;
For to coumforte them ihesu pouȝte,
And bad hem hise woundis handle & grope,
432 “ I haue fleisch & blood ! so spiritus haue nouȝt.”

Thomas

¶ Thomas was of right hard bileeue
Til he hadde spoke wiþ ihesu tho :

Ihesu spak wiþ wordis breue,
 436 "Come hidir, thomas, & speke me to ;
 ¶ For here þou maist now þe soope preue,
 How þat y on þe roode was y-doo ;
 And he þat wille not on it bileeue,
 440 Schal be dampned to peine for euermo."

Jesus said,
 'Come and see
 the proof that I
 was crucified.
 [Page 179.]
 He who will not
 believe it shall be
 damned.'

¶ þanne seide ihesu wiþ myelde speche
 To hise disciplis, "y wole 3e goo
 To alle creaturis aboute, to preche
 444 Myn uprisynge, to freende & foo ;
 ¶ And þo þat bileeuen þat 3e teeche,
 Bodies and soulis saued ben thoo ;
 And þo þat bileeuen not, y seie to eche,
 448 þo schulen for euere to peine goo.

To His disciples
 He said, 'Go and
 preach my upris-
 ing to all people.

They who believe
 it shall be saved ;
 they who do not
 shall go to hell.

¶ From 3ou, feendis schulen flee for my name ;
 Eddris & venym schal from 3ou steele ;
 þou3 3e drinke poisoun, it schal not 3ou tame,
 452 Neþer harme 3ou, ne noo greef feele.
 ¶ I schal newe tungis in 3ou frame
 Alle maner of langagis forþ to deele ;
 And þo þat 3e touche, sike or lame,
 456 Body and soule y wole hem heele."

Devils shall flee
 from you,
 poison shall not
 hurt you.

You shall speak
 all languages, and
 heal all sick you
 touch.'

¶ Oure lord, aftir his resurreccioun, here
 In erþe he was forsoþe dwellynge
 Til hooly þursday comen were,
 460 þat he stiȝ to heuene, where he is king.
 ¶ At þe dreedful doom, wiþ-out lesing,
 Boþe quicke and deede þere schal he deme.
 God 3eue us grace in oure lyuyng
 464 To serue oure god, & marie to qweeme.

[Page 180.]
 Christ remained
 on earth till Holy
 Thursday, and
 then ascended
 into heaven.
 He shall judge the
 living and dead.

¶ Of alle þe children þat euere were borun,
 Saue oonli crist him silf a-loone,

Next to Christ

the hollest child
was John the
Baptist, who
baptized Christ

- Was no on so holi here biforn
468 As was þis holi child seynt iohun
¶ þat baptisid oure lord in flom iordon
Wip ful deuout & good deuocioun,
And after for ihesus loue to deef gan goon,
472 And suffride ful mykil passioun.

Christ's blessed
Mother was

- ¶ Now schal y telle with ful good cheere
Of þat holi assumpcioun
Of his blessid modir dere,

taken up to her
Son
[Page 181.]

- 476 How sche was taken up with greet deuocioun
¶ Vnto hir blessid sone, as his wil were,

by angels, and
crowned

þat þerto sente hise aungils a-down,
& vp þei baren þat maiden cleere ;

Queen of Heaven,

- 480 Queene of heuen þere þei dide hir crowne.

while all the
angels sang

- ¶ þenne alle aungils þat were in heuene
Were at þe crownyng of þat maide free,
And songen alle with mylde steuene

Glory to God.

- 484 "Gloria tibi domine."

May we all see
that sight!

- ¶ þat is a song of ioie and blisse !
God ȝeue us grace þat siȝt to se,
Of his mercy þat we nouȝt mysse,

- 488 Qui natus es de virgine.

This song is
called '*The
Devil's Perla-
ment*,' and is read
on the first Sunday
in Lent. He who

- ¶ þis song þat y haue sunge ȝou heere,
Is clepid 'þe deuelis perlament :'
þerof is red in tyme of ȝeere

- 492 On þe first sunday of clene lent.

would go to
heaven must keep
clear of the devil.

- ¶ Who-so wole haue heuen to his hire,
Kepe he him from þe deuelis combirment ;
In heuene his soule may þere be sure

- 496 Wip aungils to pleie verament.

[Page 182.]
There is no tri-
fling in this tale.

- ¶ þis lessoun was made but late ;
þere ben no triflis in þis tale ;

þe deuelis boost þus gan he bate,
 500 Oure curteis crist, oure king riale.
 ¶ He helpe us in alle at heuene ȝate,
 Wiþ seintis to sitte þere in sale!
 Crist! kepe us out of harme and hate,
 504 For þin hooli spirit so special!

This is how
 Christ humbled
 the Devil.

May He help us
 into heaven, and
 keep us out of
 harm.

Explicit parlamentum of feendis.

[The *Diatorie* printed in *The Babees Boke*, &c., follows here.]

The Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life,

OR

BIDS OF THE VIRTUES AND VICES FOR THE
SOUL OF MAN.

[Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., pages 120-150, written
without breaks, till near the bottom of p. 131, as marked by the
insetting of the even lines here.]

Man's birth is
wonderful ! Be-
gotten in sin,

endangering his
mother's life.

Poor he comes ;
poor he goes.

I dreamt I saw
a new-born child
[¹ Page 121.]

go into the desert,
and be taken in
hand by an
Angel-friend and
an Angel-foe.

The *World* told
the Child it gave
him food and
clothes.

How mankinde doop bigynne
is wondir for to scryue so ;
In game he is bigoten in synne,
4 þe child is þe modris deedli foo ;
Or þei be fulli partide on tweyne,
In perelle of deep ben boþe two.
Pore he come þe world with-ynne,
8 Wip sorewe & pouert oute schal he goo.

In wyntir nyzt or y wakid,
In my sleep y dreemed so ;
I saw a child modir ¹ nakid,
12 New born þe modir fro.
Al aloone, as god him makid,
In wildirnesse he dide goo,
Til two in gouernaunce it takid,
16 An aungel freende, an aungil foo.

Quod þe world to þe child, " how many foolde
Hast þou brougt richesse ? now late se :
þou schuldist deie for hunger and coolde
20 But y lente meete & cloþe to þee :

I wole þee fynde til þou be oolde;
How wolt þou quyte it me?"

How would he
pay it for them ?

Quod desteine, " he is bouzt & soolde."

24 *Quod* deep, "his eende make schal we."

Quod þe child, “y come poore þe world with-
inne

The Child.
I came to seek
a wondrous
heritage ;

To pursue a wondrous eritage :

Nakid out of þe wyket of synne,

28 Of the *perellis* of streite passage,

To seke deep y dide bigynne,

to seek Death ;

bat ilke dreadful pilgrimage,

Mi body & soule to parte a tweyne,

32 To make a deuourse of pat mariage.

to divorce my soul
from my body.

Liztnesse, strenþe, corage & bewte,
þe comaundementis þat god bede ;

Lust, liking, & iolite,

36 .vij. werkis of mercy ¹ and þe crede.

Veyne glorie, flaterynge, and vanyte,

Sowowe, sizing, loue, & drede,

To the child her service profren he,

40 For helle peyne or heuene meede.

Bodily gifts, and
God's Command-
ments,
the Pleasures of
this life, its
[1 Page 122.]
Sorrows, and the
Works of Mercy,

offer to lead the
child to heaven or
hell.

Thanne come oon & stood ful stille,
And his seruice profride he :

Freewill says,

“ þese folke wolde þi silfe spille

44 To make þee bonde ; y wole make þee free.

þei han þee tauzt boþe good & ille;

From her counce^l fast þou flee,

For my name is freewille ;

48 Leue alle hem & folowe me."

**I will make thee
free;**

leave all others,

and follow me.

The 3onge childe in studie stood,
And in herte wittis souste.

Conscience says,

Conscience mengid his mood,

52 "Mi fair childe, what hast þou þouzt?

know evil from
good ;

Freewill will
make thee mad ;

know me,
Conscience ;

[1 Page 123.]
cultivate
Prudence ;

beware of Reck-
lessness.

At seven years
old the Child

is urged by the
Good Angel to

honour his
parents ;

by the wicked
Angel to despise
them ;

by the Good to

bridle his tongue ;

by the Wicked to
give it license.

[1 Page 124.]
Childhood lasts
from seven

to fourteen.

I am Conscience, knowe yuel & good,
We two to rekenynge must be brouȝt :
Biwaare ! free wille wole make þee woode ;
56 Free wille *withouten* witte is nouȝt.

For my name is Conscience ;
To knowe me þou must bigynne ;
Discrecioun is my science,
60 Vicis & Vertues ¹ to voide a twynne.
A-queynte þe weel *with* Prudence,
He lediþ alle vertues out & inne ;
Bi waar of richelees, for he wole make diffence,
64 For he is leder of al synne.

¶ Whanne þe child was .vij. ȝeer olde,
Passyng sowkyng of milke drewis,
þe good aungil þe childe dide weelde ;
68 Al vertu to him þan soone he schewis :
“ To fadir & modir honour þou ȝeelde ;
Loue god, & drede, and be of good þewis.”
þe wickid aungil bad him be boold
72 To calle boþe fadir & modir schrewis.

Þe good aungil badde him “ be mylde
From al woo, it wole þee werre :
þat man may hiȝe housis bilde
76 þat his tunge can weel for-beerre.”
Quod þe wickid aungil, “ while þou art a child,
With þi tunge on folk þou bleere ;
Course of kynde is for ȝouþe to be wilde,
80 To beete alle children, and do hem deerre.”

Thus at ¹ .vij. ȝeer age childhood bigynnes,
And folowith folies many foold ;
Aftirward his childhode blynnis ;
84 Whanne he is fourtene ȝeer olde,

- þanne knowliche of manhode he wynnes,
 þe .vij. vertues wiþ him wonne wolde ;
 þanne comeþ þe .vij. deedli synnes
 88 With þe wickid aungil housholde to holde.

Then the Seven
 Virtues and the
 Seven Mortal
 Sins strive for the
 boy's soul.

- Q**uod resoun, "in age of .xx. ȝeer,
 Goo to oxenford, or lerne lawe."
 Quod lust, "harpe & giterne þere may y leere,
 92 And pickid staffe & buckelere, þere-wiþ to
 plawe,
 At tauerne to make wommen myrie cheere,
 And wilde felawis to-gidere drawe,
 And be to bemonð A good squyer
 96 Al nyȝt til þe day do dawe.

About twenty
 years old, Reason
 advises man
 study;
 Lust advises
 music, staff-play.

women, and
 wild companions.

- Q**uod conscience, "þat axiþ coost ;
 þe moore þou spendist, þe lesse þou hast ;
 þi tyme, þi leernynge boþe ben loost,
 100 þi freendis good þou spendist in waast."
 Quod lust to conscience, "ȝouþe so muste ;
 ȝouþe can not kepe him chast."
 "Good conscience, goo preche to þe post,
 104 þi councel saueriþ not my tast.

Conscience says
 these will waste
 time and
 learning.

Lust poohpoohs
 that; and the
 [Page 125.]
 young Man scorns
 it;

- P**ouȝ Conscience bidde me be stille,
 I wole holde forþe þat y bigan ;
 Al my lust y wole ful-fille,
 108 I wole spare no womman ;
 Conscience wolde binde me to skille,
 And make me his bondman.
 Fareweel Conscience ! weelcome frewille !
 112 I wole lerne no more good þan y can."

his lust will spare
 no woman ;

he will not be a
 servant to con-
 science, but to
 Freewill, and
 learn no good.

- N**ow vicis & vertues wole not slake,
 Now man is .xx. wyntir in age :
 Quod pride, "no man þou forsake,
 116 I wole þee sette in þe hizest stage."

After twenty
 years old, come
 the advice of
 Pride,

- Gluttony, Quod glotenye, "nyzt & day þou wake ;
Ete late & eerli in outrage."
- Lechery, 120 Quod leccherie, "þi seed richelees þou schake,
And make no force of no mariage."
- Wrath, Quod wrappe, "loke þou bere þee bolde ;
What man þee teene, His heed þou breest."
- Envy, Quod enuie, "þi foote þou holde,
[Page 126.] 124 And pursue ' for to passe þe beest."
- Sloth, Quod slouþe, "in zouþe, or þou be oolde,
Leerne for to take þi reest."
- Covetousness, Quod Coueitise, "wynnen y wolde."
- Avarice, 128 Quod auarise, "locke me in þi cheest."
- Pride says, wear
long pockets, and
alashed (?)
clothes ;
132 "Apparaile þe propirli," quod Pride,
"Loke þi pockettis passe þe lengist gise ;
Slatre þi clothis boþe schorte & side
Passinge alle opere mennis sise ;
And where þat þou goo ouþer ride,
Do no reuerence to foole ne wise ;
oppress the poor,
despise advice. 136 Late no poore neiȝbore þryue þee biside ;
Alle oper mennis councel loke þou dispise."
- Meekness says :
Pride will bring
you to woe.
Once he was
lovely in highest
heaven,
140 "Bi waar," quod Meekenes, "how pride doop
wys ;
He zeueþ but woo & wyssche to wage ;
Of aungelis bewte þe prijs was his ;
In heuene on þe hizest stage,
He wolde haue peerid with god of blis ;
Now is he in helle moost loopeli page.
þat feendis forfetid for her mys,
144 Is now meeke mannis eritage."
- now he is loath-
some in hell,
and meek man
has his inherit-
ance.
Wrath advises :
meddle in every
quarrel,
[Page 127.]
148 Quod wrappe, "From þat councel flee,
þou art stalworþe, zonge, and liȝte,
Of all quarellis medle þou þee
Boþe of wronge & of riȝte.

Who dar bete þee, nay lete be,
 Riche or poore, weike or wijte,
 Loke þou here þee boolde on me,
 152 And y for þee wole chide & flizte." I will bully for
you.

Panne up stood Paciens,
 "As wrappe biddiþ, do not soo,
 For wrappe haþ no Conscience,
 156 He makip ech man operis foo ; Patience warns
him against
Wrath,
 þer-with he getip his dispence,
 þat schulde be freende, to make hem foo. who makes
friends foes.
 Praie god, he be þi diffence,
 160 þat þou be not founde in þe noumbre of þoo."

Quod enuie þanne, "y wole þee leere
 To make þi lord to þee tame ;
 Be homeli, & rowne in his eere,
 164 And bringe trewe folk in fals fame. Envy counsels
man to whisper
evil reports of

true men under a
promise of
secrecy.
 Make him þi suget, to þee to swere
 þat he schal not discure þi name ;
 So make him fals witnessse to bere,
 168 And gete þee richesse wiþ god-is grame."

Panne up roos a souereyn uertu
 þat is clepid Charite : Charity says,
 "Loke þou not hise maners sue,
 172 For god-is enemy sopeli is he. Envy is God's
enemy.
'Do to others as
you would they'd
do to you.'
 Do þou to euery man þat is due
 As þou woldist he dide to þee."
 Quod Coueitise "and alle folk were trewe,
 176 Many a man schulde neuere þee. [Page 128.]
Covetousness
advises man to

Caste þee faste to Coueitise,
 Make sotil þi wittis, & forge wilis, scheme and cheat,
 And preue þat trewe men be nyce,
 180 For so þe fals þe trewe bigilis ;

- Seie 'alle folk ben not sotil in dede ;'
 Excuse þee so bi oþer men,
 And ȝeue hem myche maugre to mede
 216 þat ony good þee wolde kenne."
- Q**uod Besinesse, "man ! of Slouþe be waare ;
 He is assigned to helle for synne ;
 In good lyuyngþe þi wittis ware,
 220 To drede god þou muste bigynne ;
 þi fleischeli lustis þou muste spare,
 For vicis and vertues wole voide atwynne ;
 In besinnesis hous is good weelfare,
 224 And Slouþe haþ hunger and cloþis þinne."
- Q**uod leccherie to man, "loue þanne weel me,
 þi lustis with wommen þou fulfille,
 For if þou in ȝouþe sparist þanne þee,
 228 þou maist falle in greet perille.
 ȝouþe ful of corage wole be ;
 þou muste haue helpe, or ellis spille ;
 Spare no womman, y councele þe,
 232 þouȝ summe cryen neuere so schille."
- Q**uod Chastite to man, "loo,
 Herken how leccherie dooþ speke !
 Whanne þou þi foule luste hast doo,
 236 Bi waare him þanne ! he wole þee þrete,
 And seie 'for þou hast so doo
 þou must suffre peynes greete ;'
 And but if god help þee þo,
 240 Soone in wanhope he wole þee lete.
- Q**uod þe good aungil, "ȝit þee auiſe ;
 Lerne witte while þou art heere ;
 He is a foole þat may be wiſe,
 244 In heuene comeþ no foolis to ȝeere,
- excuse yourself
by others'
example.*
- Business warns
man against
Sloth.*
- Fear God, and
deny your lusts.*
- [Page 130.]
- Business brings
welfare.*
- Lecchery says :
Satisfy your lust
with women ;*
- youth will begay.*
- Spare no woman.*
- Chastity warns
man that Lust
when gratified
will threaten him
with*
- torments, and
he'll fall into
despair.*
- The Good Angel
tells man to
consider,
and not be a fool,*
- [Page 131.]

as God refuses
reckless fools.

God doop richelees foolis refuse
þat kunnen no good, ne noon wole lere ;
If wordis excuse, werkis accuse,
248 þat makip hem worse þan þei were."

At thirty years
old, man boasts
of his powers.

"**I**N þritti 3eer now y abide ;
In discrecioun I haue in-si3t,
Loueli to goo, and to ride,
252 Ful of manhode & of my3t."

Conscience re-
proves him for
his vices,

Quod Conscience, "vertues þou puttist aside,
And norischist vicis day & ny3t."
Quod man in scorn, "lo, Conscience doop chide!
256 For losse of catel he dar not fi3t."

and shows him
the cost of Pride,

(as against
Meekness),

of Lechery,
Gluttony,

"**M**an, kepe þi richesse," quod Conscience,
"To maynteine pride, it costip greeete ; '
It costip nou3t, meekenesse ne pacience,
260 But it axip greet coost to chide & to beete.
Leccherie axip greet dispense,
It distroieþ mannis kindeli heete ;
And glotenie coostip wiþouten diffence
264 Boþe in diuerse drinkis and meete.

Envy,

[Page 132.]

Sloth,

Covetousness, and
Avarice.

IT costip greet to use a synne
þat is clepid foule Enuye,
For it fretip man *with-inne* ;
268 Bodi & soule it doop distroie.
Slouþis þrifte, it is ful þinne,
It costip myche in slouþe to lie ;
And Couetise al þe world wolde wyzne,
272 And Auarise aftir more doith crie."

Man justifies
himself.
Youth must do
folly, or Age
would have no
wisdom.

Quod man to Conscience, "3ouþe axip delice ;
For 3ouþe þe course of kinde wole holde ;
But 3ouþe were a foole and nyce,
276 How schulde wijsdom be founde in oolde.

þe corage of 3ouþe, and oolde wise,
 Makip 3onge men to be boolde ;
 In witt of oolde, worschipe lijs ;
 280 In þe witte of wise, kingdom is holde.

Pou wastist þi wynde & spillist þi speche,
 þi wordis me is loop to heere ;
 And y dide as þou doist me teche,
 284 I schulde neuere make myrie chere.
 Wenest þou with þin hond heuene to reche ?
 þin arme wole not be so longe to 3eere ;
 Now, good Conscience, & þou wolt preche,
 288 Goo stele an abite, & bicomme a frere."

"I hate to hear
 you, Conscience,
 trying to stop my
 merry-making.

If you *wilt* preach,
 steal a cowl and
 be a friar.

Quod man, y pleie, y wrastile, y sprynge,
 þese ioies wolen neuere wende me fro ;
 Now alle gamys hom y brynge ;
 292 What such as y am, þer ben no moo :
 I leepe, y daunce, y skippe, y synge,
 I am so myrie y can not seie hoo."
 Quod Conscience, " þou schalt weepe & wringe
 296 Whanne þei take her leeue to goo."

[Page 133.]
 I play and wrestle,

dance and sing,
 and never cry
 Halt !"
Conscience.
 " You'll weep
 when that's
 over."

"**M**yn izen ben cleere & bri3t as glas,
 Mi lire as lillye and roose of hewe,
 Of schappe & strengþe alle folke y passe,
 300 And euere my uertu wexip newe."
 Quod Conscience, " y loue þee weel þe lasse,
 þou usist no werkis of good vertu."
 " Goo, Conscience, þou lewde asse,
 304 I kepe not þi maneris to sue."

Man.
 " My eyes are
 bright, and I'm

stronger than any
 other man."

Conscience.
 " You do no good
 works."

Man.
 " Conscience,
 you're an ignorant
 ass."

Quod man, " Myne age is fourti 3eere."
 Quod þe world, " y offre to þee my weele."
 Quod strengþe, " late no man be þi peere."
 308 Quod corage, " late no man with þee deele."

At *forty* years
 old, man is ad-
 vised by the
 World,
 Strength,
 Courage,

[Page 134.]

Lust,
Health,

Conscience,

- Quod luste and liking, "make good cheere."
 "I am al hool wiþ þee," quod heele.
 Quod Conscience, "wistist þou what þese were ?
 312 At nede wole faile þi fleische so freele."

and Truth.
 Got riches in
 youth that shall
 do for age.

- Q**uod Conscience to man in þouþe,
 "Traueile in troupe in tyme is beste."
 Quod troupe, "gete þee richesse nouþe
 316 Wherwiþ in oolde to haue þi reste ;
 þouȝ age can as he cowthe,
 Myȝt & corage he haþ looste,
 He kepþ his soule þat kepþ his mouþe,
 320 For þe soule to þe fleisch is but a goost."

At *fifty* years old,Conscience tells
man to do good
works.He prefers
covelousness.

- N**ow am I fifti ȝeere y-wis,
 Myn heer bigynneþ to change his hewe."
 Quod Conscience, "flee from alle vice,
 324 And use werkis of good vertu,
 Late not þi werkis preue þee nyce,
 Loke þat þou euere be founden trewe."
 "Fare weel Conscience, weelcome Coueitise !
 328 To be richee now y wole pursue."

[Page 135.]
 Conscience dis-
 suades him ;
 Overhope makes
 him sin ;

Despair helps too.

- Q**uod Conscience, "þat is idil bisynesse,
 Nedelees richesse to gadre soo ;
 Overhope is þe cause y-wisse,
 332 He weneþ ameende al er he goo."
 Wanhope seiþ, "kepe weel þis,
 For þe world wole faile us two."
 Quod Conscience, "chaunge not heuen blis
 336 For helle peyne, sorowe, and woo."

At *sixty* years
 old, man
 laments his evil
 doings.

- I**n sixti ȝeere myn age is piȝte,
 Myn ȝen daswen, myn heer is hoore ;
 In my werkis y haue febil in-siȝte,
 340 I fynde no vertu in my stoore.

- How schal y reckene *with* god almyȝt?
 I am aschamed wondir soore."
Quod Conscience, "certis it were riȝt
 344 To be holi now or neuere mocre."
- Quod* ȝouthe to age, "what doist þou nowþe?
 Hange up þin hachet & take þi reste ;
 þe suȝne is past fer bi þe sowthe,
 348 And hiȝeth swiþe in to þe weste."
Quod man, "y serued þee in ȝougþe
 And al þe tyme myne eruest leste,
 Wiþ sorowe of herte & schrifte of mouþe
 352 To god ȝit haue y kepte þe beste."
- "**A**ge, calle aȝen ȝistirday to-morowe;
 And alle þi werkis, bigynne hem newe."
Quod man, "þouȝ þou speke in scorne,
 356 þou techist me good þat y neuere knewe ;
 I wole biþinke me on my werkis biforn,
 Do almes dede, praie, & rewe,
 And goddis mercy schal ynne my corn,
 360 And fede me wiþ þat þat y neuere sewe."
- I**N ȝougþe whanne y was wilde & stronge,
 þe fals world fair dide me wowe,
 Me þouȝt ech worde a myrie songe,
 364 Wiþ pipis, and dauncis, & mirþis y-nowe.
 Now seiþ he, he loued me to longe,
 For myn heer bigynneþ to blowe ;
 To þi mercy, lord, me vndirfonge,
 368 þe tyde is ebbid, & no more wole flowe."
- "**Þ**e candel of lijf þi soule dide tende :
 To liȝte þee hom," resoun dide saye.
 "Miche of my candel in waaste y spende,
 372 Manye wickid windis haþ wastid it away ;

How shall he
 reckon with God ?

"Be holy now or
 never."

Youth taunts the
 old man : he is

past and gone.

[Page 136.]
 The old man

repents and will
 serve God.

Youth mocks him
 again.

The old man
 learns from the
 scorn,

will pray and
 sorrow, and God
 will in his corn.

'When young,
 the false world
 wooed me,

but in age has
 left me.

Have mercy on
 me, Lord.

[Page 137.]
 My candle of life
 I let winds of
 wickedness waste;

I can warrely
hold its end.

Vnneþe y holde my candelis eende,
It is past euensong of my day ;
To reepe myn heruest. whidir mai y winde ?

376 Mi londis of vertues liggē al lay.

I lued in the
Devil's service,
with late suppers
and late rising.

¶ Whanne þouþe was maistir, y was page,
We lyueden myche in þe feendis seruice,
Wiþ rare souperis and wickid outrage,

380 Liggē longe in bed, looþe to arise.

Now the wise
reprove me, and

Now haue y nougt but wiſschis to wage,
And myche reproof amonge þe wiſe ;

former friends
hate me.

þei þat loueden me in þouþe, hatiden me in age,
384 And vnkindeli me diden dispice.

I wonder why the
world was made.

Now haue y greet meruaile
þe world to man whi it was wrouȝte ;
Fele temptaciouns now me assaile,

I have no rest,

388 I haue no reste for chaunge of þouȝte.

[Page 138.]

Whanne y schulde reste y haue greet merueile ;
In bed to sleepe whanne y am brouȝte,

and see nothing
but battle and
dread.

I se but drede and greet bataile
392 Al mannys lijfe, and it be souȝte.

The world has
foraaken me ;

Thus þe fals world hap forsaken me ;
For waste of hise goodis he accusiþ me ;
þe synnes þat y loued, now haten me,

my sins accuse
me

396 To Conscience þei adwiten me ;

fiends threaten
me ;

Feendis preten faste to take me,
And steren helle houndis to bite me ;

Death shakes his
spear at me.

Deeþ seiþ, my breed he hap baken me ;
400 Now schakeþ he his spere to smite me.

I am like a stag
at bay.

Bus y am huntid as an herte to a-bay,
I not whidir y may me turne,
Myne enemyes myȝtili me assay,

404 I waxe feble and vnourne ;

To flee to god is my beste way,
 þere schal y in no poynt spurne ;
 Lord ! now socour me þat beste may,
 408 In þin herte blood, þat holi bourne."

I will flee to God.

Lord, help me !

Quod þouþe to age, "y þee forsake,
 þi frendis deien, þi strengþe dooþ faile,
 þi sizte and heeryng bigynneþ to slake,
 412 þee neediþ helpe and good counsaile ;
 God-is seruauentis in areest hap þee take
 Til deeoþ on þee haue doon bataile ;
 þi reckenynge bi tyme bisili þou make,
 416 Or þe deuþ bringe þe countirtaile."

[Page 139.]
 Youth taunts Age
 with his failing
 strength .

and Death's ad-
 vance on him.
 He must make up
 his accounts
 quickly.

Þouþ deeoþ be eende of worldlis woo,
 þanne deeoþ is euere mannys freende ;
 thouþ soulis in helle be pönischid soo,
 420 Deeoþ comeþ not þere to make noon eende ;
 Deeoþ makip soulis to heuen to goo,
 But in to heuen deeoþ may not wende,
 For deeoþ is flemyd heuene froo,
 424 Deeoþ is sugett to god to bende.

To some Death
 here is a friend,

but not to any in
 hell.

It sends some to
 heaven, and there
 troubles them not.

"Now y am sixti þeere and ten,
 þonge folke Y fynde my foo,
 Where euere þei pleie, leepe, or renne,
 428 þei pinken in her weie Y goo ;
 And whanne y mete *with* olde men,
 I pleyne ' þis world is chaungid soo ; '
 Noon oþer hote is but seelde when
 432 Ech man tellip oþir his woo."

At *seventy* years
 old, the man feels
 in the way of
 young folk ;

[Page 140.]
 his only comfort
 is in complaints,
 and telling other
 old men his
 troubles.

Quod þouþe to age, "y þee a-peele
 And þat bifore oure god y-wis ;
 I lente þee strengþe, bewte, & heele,—
 436 þese percellis ben of heuen blis,—

Youth accuses
 him of

wasting his
 strength

and wealth Courage, lighnesse, freendis, & weele ;
in folly, Alle þese þou hast wastide amys
 From wijsdom in-to folies feele :
440 God wole haue rekenyng of al þis.

his sight in vain-
glory, his mouth
in oaths and
gluttony,

Pine heerynge and þin ize sizte
þat þou hast wastide in veynglory ;
þi moupe to wronge azen rihte,
444 In fals oobis and foule gloteny ;

his hands in
robbery,

þin hondis to robbe and to fizte ;
 þi strengþe þou wastidist in tyrauntry ;

his beauty in
lechery.

448 þi feet in derknesse oute of lizte,
þi bewte þou wastidist in lecchery."

[Page 141.]
The old man confesses his shortcomings.

Quod man, "y was gouerned Bitwene two peuis,
pei stale on me: Y was stalworpe & white;
Whanne my leepis weren brouzt to preuis,
452 I wondre on my silf Y was so lihte.

regrets his loss

3ougpe staae from me ; þat soore me greuis ;
Age steelep on me bope day and nyzte ;

of youth and
power.

456 Mi 3oughe, my vertu, al from me meuis ;
Now wondre y on my silf where is my myzte.

and complains
how youth, with
all its glory, has
stolen from him,
and age, with all
its defects, has
stolen upon him.

¶ 3ouge staale from me, Y was stalworpe & lizte ;
 And age steeleþ on me Filpis to weelde ;
 3ouge steeliþ from me, Y 3eede up rizte ;
 460 Age steeleþ on me, Y bowe and 3eelde ;
 3ouge haþ stolen from me My leepis lizte ;
 Age steeliþ on me, Y wexe on-mylde ;
 3ouge steeleþ my corage To pleie & fize,
 464 Age is so on me stoolen þat y mote to god me
 zilde.

**At eighty years
old**

468 **N**OW y am euene of 3eeris fore scoure,
So many wyntir Y am oolde ;
Here y was wonte To leepe bifore,
Fer aboute now My wei y hoolde :

- My backe bowip, myn izen ben soore,
 Myn hote blood is kelid coolde :
 Alas ! Conscience ! to lital y toke pi loore,
 472 þe talis þat þou hast ofte me toolde."

[Page 142.]
 his back is bent,
 his hot blood
 cold.
 Ah, Conscience !
 I did not listen
 to you.

- Q**uod Conscience, "where haddist þou þat speche?
 pi lizte leepis foonde to preue ;
 þe put of þe stoon þou maist not reche,
 476 To lital myzte is in pi sleue.
 In yougþe whanne y dide þee teche,
 Foule þou me þanne dedist repreue ;
 I þanke god of pi good leeche."
 480 "þhe, Conscience, now to pi wordis y leeue."

Conscience
 wonders at the
 man's repentance,

but thanks God
 for it.

- "**N**ow foure score 3eeris is past,
 Mi lijf is but traueil & woo,
 Fer in to rereage y am cast,
 484 Into ten 3eer and moo.
 My lymes foulden þat weren fast,
 Wip staffe in honde now y goo ;
 My redy speche may not last,
 488 So my teep ben fallen me fro.

At ninety years
 old man's life is
 but woe,

he walks with a
 staff,

his teeth fall out,

- F**ul of fleissche Y was to fele,
 Now may I neiþer stonde ne goon ;
 It hap now lefte me euery dele,
 492 Me is lefte But skyn & boon.
 Now y am vndre Fortunes whele,
 My frendis forsaken me Euerychoon,
 And alle þe synnes Y loued so weel,
 496 Now wote y weel þei been my foon."

[Page 143.]
 his flesh is gone,

he is but skin and
 bone,

forsaken by his
 friends,

and his sins his
 foes.

- Q**uod course of kinde, "What helpip, y wende,
 pi wissching And þin hadde-y-wist ?
 What maist þou On þo wordis spende,
 500 It is ful febil In pi fist.

Course of Nature
 asks the good of
 his vain regrets.

All men expect
his death, and
none will regret
him; he cumbereth
all.

Now alle men waiten aftir þin eende ;
þou; þou deye, þou schalt not be myste ;
þou combrest boþe foo & frende,
504 þi mylle haþ grounde þi laste griste."

These mortal
sins must quit the
aged :

Pride,

Þre deedli synnes maden her moone,
" We forsaken man in age."
Quod Pride, " y am from him goon,
508 For Pride in age Doiþ disperage."

Lechery,

[Page 144.]

Gluttony.

Quod lecherie, " He loueþ to lie a-loone ;
þou; he wolde do, him wantiþ corage."
Quod Glotenie, " he is but felle & boone,
512 He loueþ more mesure þan outrage."

Two think him
no good,
Envy and
Wrath.

Quod Envie, " age hath no myzte
Ne richesse, lenger me to fynde."
Quod wrapþe, " age may not fizte
516 þou; he be angri, bi course of kynde."

Two claim him,
Sloth and
Covetousness.

Quod Slouþe, " age my chaumbre haþ dizte,
And calleþ me ease in his mynde."
Quod Coueitise, " age haþ me hi;te ;
520 Suget to me he dooþ him binde."

Overhope, or vain
Confidence that
they will ever do
well, is the cause
of men's waste
and sin.
Then comes
Sickness.

" I knowe," quod ouerhope, " fleissch is freele,
Of oolde and zonge, of man, of childe ;
In ouerhope þei wasten her weele,
524 And in diuerse werkis ful wylde ;
þei ouerhope euere to lyue in heele,
From age & sijknesse þei weneþ hem schilde,
þanne comeþ sijknesse, & printiþ his seele."
Quod wanhope " þan y make him mylde ;
528

Then Wanhope or
Despair,

[Page 146.]
and bids them
hoard.

Overhope still
lures them on ;

I bidde him horde, and richesse saue,
For wanhope after mischife doiþ waite,
Whanne sijknesse comeþ men to craue,"
532 Quod ouerhope, " þan y flatir, & sumtyme flaite,

- 'þou schalt lyue, and þi silf it haue.' "
- " 3he," seiþ wanhope, " kepe it straitē,
Of good hope no counsell þou craue
536 Til deef þee caste *with* a trippe of dissaite."
- Q**uod wanhope, " a gospel y radde :
To telle it þee y wole bigynne,
' If a man in synne be sadde
540 Ech day newe, and lieþ þer-inne,
Of such a man god is moore gladde
þan of a childe þat neuere dide synne."
Quod Conscience, " he wolde make þe madde
544 To repente þee not, ne neuere blynne."
- Q**uod Conscience to wanhope, " I-wys
þou liest, y hate þe þerfore ;
I knowe þe gospel, it seiþ þis,
548 ' If a man haue synned longe bifore,
And axe mercy *And* a-mende his mys,
Repente, and wilne to synne no more,
Of þat man god gladder is
552 þan of a child synlees y-bore.' "
- Q**uod wanhope, " a gospel y radde ;
What it meneþ y can expownde,
Ech man schal haue peine or meede,
556 In þouȝt or dede as he is founde ;
He haþ not ȝit repentid his dede,
He sizkeþ for synnes ben not vnbounde ;
þouȝ mercy come, he schal not spede,
560 For in daunger of wanhope he is bounde."
- Q**uod Conscience, " þou dotid hoore !
God-is mercy þou woldist distroie ;
þou wenest þi wickidnesse were moore
564 þan god-is goodnesse & his mercie.

Despair mocks
them,

and tells them the
Gospel; if they

will plunge daily
into sin, God will
be more pleased
than if they never
sinned.

Conscience

reproves *Despair*,

and repeats the
true Gospel, that
of a repentant

sinner God is
gladder than of
[Page 146.]
one who never
sinned.

Despair urges
the Gospel that
men suffer as they

are found, and as
the old man has
not yet repented, he

cannot get mercy.

Conscience says,
' Doted whore,

God's mercy

- is enough for a
thousand
worlds if they
ask it.' 568 For if a man be woundid soore,
And axe no medicine, him liste te deie ;
God hap mercies y-now in stoore
For a þousand worldis þat mercie wole crie."
- The *Old Man*
calls on the
Virtues to
befriend
him in his need. 572 "MEkenes, Pacience, and Charitee,
þe þat weren my frendis dere,
Mesure, Businesse, and Chastitee,
At þis mystire comeþ me neere."
Quod Conscience, "þou flemed us from þee ;
þou woldist not oure loore leere."
Quod richelees, "loo, heere my meynee !
þe synnes þat þou louedist & seruedist, lo hem
here !"
- [Page 147.]
Recklessness
offers instead, the
crew of Sins that
he loved. 576 "Myne age is now an hundrid þeere ;
Litol y drinke, and lesse y ete,
On my backe I here my beere,
And alle my frendis me forþete,
Fayn þei wolde þat y deed were,
Wiþ sorewful wordis þei doon me þrete,
And seyn, 'for y am so longe heere,
Whanne y come hoome y schal be beete."
- At a hundred
years old man
carries his bier
on his back, all
his friends wish
him dead. 580
584
Now mote y leie forþ my necke,
For deef his swerd out hap lauzte ;
But I deliuere weel þis checke,
I leese my game at þis drauzte.
Ful of synne is my secke ;
To þe preest y wole schewe þat frauhte,
Mi schip is chargid, al goop to wrecke
But if god of merci be wiþ me sauhte."
- He may stretch
out his neck for
Death's sword ;
he is full of sin ;
he must go to
wreck
unless God have
mercy. 592
This worlde hap me in awaite,
And biddiþ me quite þat is past ;
My fleissche in ouerhope wolde me faite,
And into warhope it wolde me caste.
- The World re-
proves him,
Overhope and
Despair tempt
him, 596

Helle houndis berken and baite,
 þe feendis writiþ my synnes faste,
 And deef me waitiþ with a trippe of dissaite ;
 600 These sixe maken me soore agaste."

[Page 148.]
 Hell-hounds bark
 for him, the Fiende
 and Death watch
 for him.

Þanne comeþ forþ good hope :
 To saue man he wolde fonde ;
 "þou wronge weuere ouerhope !
 604 I make him free, þou woldist make him bonde ;
 I schal conclude þee, þou wanhope,
 Wile good feiþ wole with me stoonde ;
 Hooli writte seiþ, ' in god y hoope,
 608 His merci is ouer þe werkis of his honde."

But Good Hope
 will save the old
 man,

if Good Faith will
 help.

Quod good feiþ, " for þe litil while
 þat now heere [þou] hast serued me,
 I wole þee kepe from al perile,
 612 And make pees bitwene god & þee ;
 And ouerhope, for al his gile,
 From þin herte y schal do him flee ;
 And wanhope also y wole exile,
 616 For he is not of oure fraternitee."

Good Faith will

make his peace
 with God,

and drive out

Overhope and
 Despair.

Quod þe worlde, Y wole hise dettis quyte,
 And oute of his daunger me hyze ;
 þouȝ my fleissche berke, he schal not bitee,
 620 From his lustis y wole him tye ;
 I wole waissche a-¹Wey þat feendis write
 With sorowe of herte and teer of yȝe,
 But with deef y wole not dispute,
 624 But make me cleene, and learne to deie.

Man says he will

give up his fleshly

[1 Page 149.]

lusts, will sorrow
 and weep,

and learn to die.

God ! sowe pi merci amonge my seede,
 þanne schal it growe þouȝ y sowe late,
 And Repentaunce my corne schal weede,
 628 And make good pees þere was hate.

May God sow
 His mercy in
 him,
 and Repentance
 will weed his
 corn.

Then the works
of Mercy will let
him in at heaven's
gate.

þe comaundementis þat god bede,
þat is þe locke of heuen gæte ;
Senene werkis of mercy, and þe crede,
632 þese keies schullen late me in þerate."

Reader, you have
heard of Youth
and Age, Virtue
and Vice, Good
Angel and Bad.

Now haue ȝe herde of ȝouþis delice ;
And age in kynde, sijke, & woo ;
Knowing of uertu & of vice ;
636 Good aungil, & wickid freende, & foo ;
And vndirstondinge to be wijs.

Look in this
Mirror ; take
your choice, for
Heaven or Hell.

Now in þis mirroure loke ȝou soo ;
In ȝoure free wille þe choice lijs,
640 To heuen or helle whiþir ȝe wille goo.

The world, the
flesh, and the
devil tempt us.

The worlde, þe fleissche, & þe feende,
In temptacioun doiþ us chase ;
Bid repentaunce to merci beende,
644 And waissche us at þe welle of grace.

[Page 150.]
Let us pray to
God
that after death
we may see His
fair face.

Praie we to god graunte us good eende,
And in heuen to haue a place,
þat after oure deep we mowen pidir wende,
648 And in perfijt loue se his fair face.

Dear friends, who
read this, pray
for the Writer's
soul to Mary,
Mother,

Now, leeuue freendis, greete and smale,
þat haue herde þis trete,
Praie for þe soule þat wroot þis tale
652 A Pater noster, & an aue
To marie modir, maiden free,
As sche bare a childe Coumforte to us,
On þat soule haue pitee
656 If þe wille be of crist ihesus. amen.

to pity it if
Christ will.
Amen.

[Stans Puer, printed in *Babees Boke*, &c., p. 27, follows here.]

God send us Paciens in oure Golde Age!

[Pages 113—17, written without breaks.]

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>From þe tyme þat we were born
 oure 3ouþe passiþ from day to day,
 And age encreesiþ moore & moore,
 4 & so doiþ it now, þe sothe to say :
 At euery hour a poynt is y-loore,
 So fast gooþ oure 3ouþe away,
 And 3ouþe wole come azen no moore,
 8 But age wole make us hoþe blak & gray.
 þerfore take hede hoþe nyzt & day
 How fast 3oure 3ouþe dooþ asswage ;
 And hoþe 3onge & oolde, lete us praie
 12 þat god send us paciens in oure oolde age.</p> | <p>Our youth passes
 away from day
 to day,

 and will come back
 no more,

 Take heed, then,

 and pray God for
 patience in old
 age.</p> |
| <p>¶ Age wole take from us oure myzt
 þat in oure 3ouþe to us was lent ;
 And also þe cleernesse of oure syght
 16 And oure heerynge schal be faynt.
 þanne schulen we be heuy þat eer were lizt,
 Bicause þat 3ouþe is from us went,
 And þanne wole men do us no rizt,
 20 But al contrarie to oure entent,
 And sikeness wole do us greet turment
 Whom deef wole sende on his message ;
 Forsouþe þe best ameendement
 24 is þanne pacience in oure olde age.</p> | <p>Age will take from
 us

 our clear sight,
 hearing,

 and lightness.

 Sicknes will
 torment us.</p> |

[Page 114.]

Our shame will
grow.

Our shame shall
grow.

Our shame shall
grow.

Our shame shall
grow.

Our friends will
hate us ;

we shall say, ' Oh,
if I had but
known ; '
no, kin will
greet us

and no joy
gladden us.

(1 Page 115.)
God send us
patience in our
old age !

Some will scorn
us, others think
we live too long ;
our stomachs will
take no food ;

we shall sing of
sorrow and care.

- O**ure body wile liden, oure bonis wile ake,
oure wile flesch wile ben oure foo ;
oure heed, oure humilite, þo wolden schake,
38 And oure legges wile tremble where we go ;
oure bonis wile liden as doop a stake,
And in oure hool we schulen be woo,
oure wile, oure shewen, wolden wexe al blake,
32 & oure god there wile fole us fro ;
And whanne oure leef ben goon also,
oure wile schal lese his fair langage :
Pride we for us self & oþer moo
36 þu god sende us paciens in oure olde age !

- O**ure freendis þu schulen loue us best,
þanne wile þei hate us but in hate,
In freendship is þer noon oþer trust,
40 & þerof be we waare to late.
þan may we synge of had y wist,
Oure feynt freendis han us forsake,
And also we schulen go vnkist
44 boþe at þe dore & at þe gate ;
And for al þe cheer þat we can make,
þan is ¹ no ioie of oure visage :
Whanne oure bewte schal aslake,
48 god send us paciens in oure olde age !

- ¶** we schulen be so angri euermore,
we wolden ben awreke of euery wrong,
þanne summe wolden scorne us þerfore,
52 & summe wole seie we lyue to long ;
Oure sorowe wole þan sitte us so soore
Oure stomak wole no mete fonge ;
& eueri day more & more
56 Of sorewe & care schal be oure song.
whanne we were boþe hool & strong
we were to wie[1]de, & wold out rage,

- And perfore lete us praie among*
 60 *pat god send us paciens in oure olde age.* Let us pray
God to send us
Patience in our
old age.
- ¶ For þan wole no þing us availe
 but oure bedis and oure crucche,
 for wordli welþe wole fade & faile,
 64 *And perfore truste we it not to myche ;*
 & þan wole sijknese us assaile Nought but
prayers and a
crutch will then
avail us,
 Til it haþ made us lijk a wrecche,
 & þan may we do no greet traueile
 68 *But 'summtyme grone, & sumtyme grucche,*
 And sumtyme clawe for scabbe & icche [1 Page 116.]
and we shall
groan and get the
itch.
 Whanne age haþ us at his auauntage :
 Who-so lyueþ long schal be such ;
 72 *God sende us paciens in oure olde age !* May God send us
Patience then !
- ¶ Al þat we haue lyued heere,
 It is but as a dreem y-met,
 For now it is as it neuere were,
 76 *And so is it þat is to comyng ȝit.*
 Ful fast we drawen to oure beere,
 In sorewe & drede we schulen be sett.
 Of oolde men þe ȝonge may lere,
 80 *And fewe þer ben þat doon þe beth ;*
 For þe feend haþ cauȝt hem in his nett,
 And holdiþ hem fast in bondage
 For þei schulden not dispose her witt
 84 *To haue pacience in her oolde age.* Our time on earth
is but as a dream ;

we draw towards
our death.

Let the young
learn from the
old, for the devil
keeps them

from having
Patience in their
old age.
- ¶ þanne schulen we se þat worldli blis
 Is but a þing of vanite,
 And it makij men to do amys
 88 *pat ben in weelþe & greet bewte ;*
 And perfor, lord, good riȝt it is
 With oure owne staf chastisid to be :
 Lord ! ȝeue us grace to þinke on þis,
 92 *As þou bouȝt us alle upon a tree,* It is right that we
be chastised with
our own staff.
Christ, let us think
on this,
[Page 117.]

And þat we may in charite

Weel passe ouer þis passage

In-to þe blis þat euere schal be,

and pass over
death to ever-
lasting bliss.

96 *Whanne we ben passid oure oolde age.*

[“Bothe 3onge & olde,” or “Se what oure lord suffride for
oure sake,” printed above, pp. 32-4, follows here.]

This World is but a Vanyte.

AN OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430, A.D., page 58 ;
written without breaks.*]

AS Y Gan wandre in my walkinge
 Bisidis an holt vnder an hille,
 Y say an oolde man sitte wepinge :
 4 *With sizynge sore he seide me tille,*
 ¶ “Sumtime y hadde þe world at wille,
 With richesse & with rialte,
 And now it is turned al to ille ;
 8 þe worlde is but a vanyte.

My silf I likne vnto þe morewe :
 Whanne y was child, & bor[e]n bare,
 Mi modir for me suffride sorewe
 12 *With gruntyngis gril & sizinge sare ;*
 ¶ On me was neiþer wem ne hore ;
 But sipen in synne y haue be ;
 Now y am oolde y wepe þefore ;
 16 þis world is but a vanyte.

At mydmore y lerned to go,
 And plaiad as children doon in 'strete ;
 þe kinde of childhode y dide also,
 20 *Wip my felawis to fize and prete.*
 ¶ Al þat y dide, it þouzte me swete,
 For al þis childhode tauzte me ;
 Now y am oolde, þefore y wepe ;
 24 þis worlde is but a vanite.

In my walk

I saw an old man
 sighing, and he
 said, “ Once I
 had all the world
 at my will, but
 now it's all
 turned to ill.

I am like the
 Morning. At my
 birth my Mother
 groaned with
 pain.

I was spotless,

but now am
 sinful.

At Mid-morn I
 played,
 [Page 59.]
 and like a boy
 fought.

All I did, seemed
 sweet : but now I
 weep for it.
 This world is but
 vanity.

At Undern
9 A.M.) I was put
to school,

and cursed my
master when he
beat me.

I cared only for
Joy and jollity,

alas!

At vndren to scole y was sett
To lerne lore, as opir doop ;
Whanne my maistir wolde me bet,
28 I wolde him curse, y was ful wroop.
¶ To lerne good y was ful loop,
I pouzte on ioie & ioilite ;
Now certis, for to seie þe soop,
32 þis world is but a vanyte.

At Mid-day I was
knighted,

and none durst
stand my charge.

Where is now my
bravery ? Not to
be hidden from
death.

At mydday y was dubbid knyzt,
In route y lerned for to ryde ;
Was þer noon so hardi a wizt
36 þat in bataile durste me abide.
¶ Where is bicomme now al my pride,
Mi booldnes, & my fair bewte ?
Now from deep may y me not hide ;
40 þis world is but a vanyte.

At High Noon I
was crowned
King, and fulfil-
led all my lusts.
[1 Page 60.]

Now age has
crept on me.

This world is but
vanity.

At hiȝ noon y was crowned king,
þis world was oonli at my wille ;
Euere to ¹lyue was my liking,
44 And alle my lustis to fulfille.
¶ Now age is cropen on me ful stille,
And makip me oold & blac of ble,
And y go downeward wiþ þe hille ;
48 þis World is but a vanite.

At Mid-afternoon
my pleasures
passed away.

Man's life here is
but a day com-
pared to everlast-
ing life.

At mydouernoon y droupid faste,
Mi lust & liking wente away ;
From iolite myn hert is paste,
52 From rialte & riche aray.
¶ Mannis lijf here is but a day
Azens þe lijf þat euere schal be ;
And oo þing y dare weel say,
56 þat þis world is but a vanyte.

At euensong tyme y wax ful coold,
 And bigan to go bi staue ;
 Now is deef on me ful boold,
 60 *And* for his rent he wole me craue.
 ¶ Whanne y am deed & leid in graue,
 þer is no þing þanne þat saueþ me
 But good or yuel þat y do haue ;
 64 þis world is but a vanite.

At Even Song I
 walked with a
 staff. Death seeks
 me.

In the grave
 nought saves but
 good done.

Thus is þe day come to nyzt,
 þat me lopith of my lyuynges,
 And doolful deef to me is dizt,
 68 *And* in coold 'clay now schal y clinge."
 ¶ þus an oold man y herde mornynge
 Biside an holte vnder a tree.
 God graunte us his blis euerlastinge !
 72 þis world is but a vanite.

At Night I loathe
 my life. Death
 and the Grave
 possess me.

[1 Page 61.]

God grant us His
 bliss ! for this
 world is but
 vanity.

["In a noon tijd," or "Beuertore," pp. 91-4 of this volume,
 follows here in the MS.]

This World is False and Vain.

[Lambeth MS. 853, page 32, written without breaks.]

Why is this world
beloved ?

Its power passes
away like a
brittle pot.

It is false in all,
and so unstable,

[1 Page 33.]

false in its
business and its
pleasures too.

Where is Solo-
mon,

or Sampson,

Absalom or
Jonathan,

Cesar
or Dives,

Tully
or Aristotle,

Whi is þis world biloued þat fals is & veyn,
Sipen þat hise welpis ben so unserteyn ?

¶ Al so soone hee passip his power away
4 As doop a brokil poot þat freisch is and gay.

¶ Truste 3e rapen to lettris written withinne þis
þan to þis wrecchid world þat ful of synne is.

¶ It is fals in his biheeste, & riȝt disceyuable ;
8 It hap bigilid many a man, it is so vnstable.

¶ It is rapir ¹ to bileeue þe waginginge wijnde
þan þe chaungeable world þat makip men so
blinde.

¶ For wheþer þou slepe or wake, þou schalt fynde
it fals

12 Bothe in hise businessis & in hise lustis als.

¶ Telle me where is Salamon, sumtyme a king
richee,

Or Sampson þe stronge to whom was no man
liche ?

¶ Or þe fair man absolon, merueilose in cheere,
16 Or þe duke ionatas, a weel biloued fere ?

¶ Where is bicomme cesar, þat lorde was of al,
Or þe riche man clopid in purpur & in pal ?

¶ Telle me where ys tullius, in eloquence so sweete,
20 Or aristotil þe Filosofre with his witt so greet ?

- ¶ Where ben pese worpi þat were heere-to-forn ?
Boþe kingis & bischopis, her power is al lorn. or all former
kings? All their
power is lost,
- ¶ Alle pese greete princis with her power so hiȝe
24 Ben vanischid now a-way in twynkeling¹ of an yȝe. all vanished in
the twinkling of
an eye.
[1 Page 34.]
¶ þe ioie of þis wrecchid world is a schoorte feeste,
And it is likened to a schadewe þat may not longe
leste, This world's joy
is a passing
shadow,
- ¶ And ȝit it drawiþ man from heuen riche blis,
28 And ofte tyme it makip him to synne & do a-mys. and yet makes
man lose heaven.
- ¶ Calle no þing þine owne, þerfore, þat þou maist
heere leese ; Call nothing here
thine own ;
For þat þe world hap lent þee, ofte he wole it cese.
- ¶ Sette þin herte in heuene a-boue, & þenke what
ioie is þere, set thy heart on
heaven above.
- 32 And þus to dispise þe world y rede þat þou lere.
- ¶ þou þat art but wormes meete, poudre, & dust,
To enhaunce þi silfe in pride sett not þi lust. Thou food for
worms, exalt not
thyself in pride ;
- ¶ For þou woost not to-day þat þou schalt lyue to-
morowe, thou may'st die
to-morrow.
- 36 þerfore do þou euere weel, And þanne schalt þou
not sorowe. Therefore do well.
- ¶ It were ful ioieful & sweete, lordschipe to haue,
If so þat lordschip miȝte a man fro ²deep saue, Lordship would
be good if it could
save a man,
[2 Page 35.]
- ¶ But for as myché as a man schal deie at þe laste,
40 It is noo worschip, but a charge, lordschip to
taaste. but it is no
honour, only a
burden.
- Omnia terrena**
Per vices sunt aliena :
nescio sunt cuius ;
44 **mea nunc, cras huius et huius.**
Dic, homo, quid speres,
si mundo totus adheres ;
nulla tecum feres,
48 **licet tu solus haberes.**
All earthly things
are another's by
turns,
now mine,
now another's.
What do you hope
for, if you cleave
wholly to this
world ?
You can take
nothing out of it
but yourself.

Earth.

**Whanne liif is moost loued, and deep is moost hatid :
þanne doop deef drawe his drawȝt, and makij man
ful nakid.**

De terra plasmasti me, &c.

Man, made of
earth, has only
cared how he may
be set high up on
earth.

ERþe out of erþe is wondirly wrouȝt,
Erþe of erþe haþ gete a dignyte of nouȝt,
Erþe upon erþe haþ sett al his þouȝt,
4 How þat erþe upon erþe may be hiȝ brouȝt.

Man would be a
king on earth ;
but when earth
[¹ Page 36.]
bids him home,
he shall find it
hard to part.

¶ Erþe upon erþe wold be a king ;
But how erþe schal to erþe, þenkiþ he no ' þing ;
Whanne þat erþe biddiþ erþe hise rentis hom
bring,
8 þan schal erþe out of erþe haue a piteuous parting.

Man wins on
earth castles, and
says ' It is ours.'

But he shall
suffer sharply for
it.

¶ Erþe vpon erþe wyȝneþ castels & touris,
þan seiþ erþe to erþe ' now is þis al houris :'
Whanne erþe upon erþe haþ biggid up hise
boure[s],
12 þanne schal erþe upon erþe suffir scharpe schouris.

Man goes on earth
glittering in gold,
and yet he shall
return to earth
before he likes.

¶ Erþe goop vpon erþe as molde upon molde,
So goop erþe upon erþe al glitteringe in golde,
Like as erþe vnto erþe neuere go schulde ;
16 And ȝit schal erþe vn-to erþe raþer þan he wolde.

Wretched man,
who toillest

¶ O þou wrecchid erþe þat on erþe traueilist nyȝt
and day

- To florische þe erþe, to peynte þe erþe *with* wan- to adorn thee with
towne aray ; fine raiment,
- 3it schal þou, erþe, for al þi erþe, make þou it yet shalt thou
neuere so queynte & gay,
- 20 Out of þis erþe into þe erþe, þere to clinge as a return to earth
clot of clay. like a clod.
- ¶ O wrecchid man, whi art þou proud 'þat art of [1 Page 37.]
þe erþe makid ? Why art thou
Hider brouȝttist þou no schroud, But poore come proud who art
þou, and nakid ; made of earth ?
Thou camest to
Whanne þi soule is went out, & þi bodi in erþe earth naked, and
rakid, when thou art
put in earth, all
- 24 þan þi bodi þat was rank & Vndeouout, Of alle men will hate
men is bihatid. thee.
- ¶ Out of þis erþe cam to þis erþe þis wrecchid Thy clothing
garnement ; came from earth
- To hide þis erþe, to happe þis erþe, to him was to enwrap thy
cloþinge lente ; earth,
- Now goop erþe upon erþe, ruli, raggid, and rent, which under the
28 þerfore schal erþe vndir þe erþe haue hidiose earth shall have
turment. torment.
- ¶ Whi þat erþe to myche loueþ erþe, wondir me Why earth(man)
þink, loves earth too
much, I wonder,
- Or whi þat erþe for superflue erþe to sore sweete
wole or swynk ;
- For whanne þat erþe upon erþe is brouȝt *with* for when man
inne þe brink, comes to the
grave's brink he
shall have a sad
time of it.
- 32 þan schal erþe of þe erþe haue a rewful swynk.
- ¶ Lo, erþe upon erþe, considere þou may Man, thou camest
How erþe comeþ into erþe nakid al way, into earth naked,
- ¶ Whi schulde erþe upon erþe go now so stoute or [Page 38.]
gay

and shall be so
when thou diest.

36 Whanne erþe schal passe out of erþe in so poore
aray?

Think on this, and
of the judgment
at thy resurrec-
tion,

¶ Wolde god, þerfore, þis erþe, While þat he is
upon þis erþe, Vpon þis wolde hertile þinke,
And how þe erþe out of þe erthe schal haue his
aȝen-risyng,
And þis erþe for þis erþe schal ȝeelde streite
rekenyng;

and then never
for this earth
shalt thou dis-
please God.

40 Schulde neuere þan þis erþe for þis erþe mysplese
heuene king.

Pray therefore,

¶ þerfore, þou erþe, vpon erþe þat so wickidli hast
wrouȝt,

While þat þou, erþe, art upon erþe, turne aȝen þi
þouȝt,

man, to God,

And praie to þat god upon erþe þat al þe erþe
haþ wrouȝt,

that thou may'st
come to bliss.

44 þat þou, erþe upon erþe, to blis may be brouȝt.

Lord, let not man
come to grief for
this earth, but

¶ O þou lord þat madist þis erþe for þis erþe, &
suffridist heere peynes ille,

Lete neuere þis erþe for þis erþe myscheue ne
spille,

[¹ Page 38.]
here ever work
thy will, that he
may ascend to
thy high hill.

But þat þis erþe on þis ¹erþe be euere worchinge
þi wille,

48 So þat þis erþe from þis erþe may stie up to þin
hiȝ hille. A-M-E-N.

[See an earlier Poem on *Earth*, in alternate English and Latin stanzas, in my edition of *Early English Poems* for the Philological Society, 1862, p. 150-2; and in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 216.

Memento homo quod cinis es, and the Creed (pp. 101-3 of this Text), follow here in the MS.

Reuertere !

(IN ENGLISH TUNGE, TURNE AȝEN !)

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 61, written
without breaks.*]

In a noon tijd of a somers day
 þe sunne schoon ful myrie þat tide,
 I took myn hauk al for to play,
 4 Mi spaynel rennyng bi my side.
 ¶ A feisaunt hen soone gan y se,
 Myn hound put up ful fair to fliȝt,
 I sente my faukun, y leet him flee :
 8 It was to me a deinteuose siȝt.

¶ My faukun fliȝ faste to his pray,
 I ran þo with a ful glad chere,
 I spurned ful soone on my way,
 12 Mi leg was hent al with a brere.
 ¶ þis brere forsoþe dide me griȝf,
 And soone it made me to turne aȝe,
 For he bare written in euery leef
 16 þis word in latyn, reuertere.

Iknelid & pullid þe brere me fro,
 And redde þis word ful hendeli ;
 Myn herte fil doun vnto my too
 20 þat was woont sitten ful likingly.
 ¶ I leete myn hauke & feysaunt fare,
 Mi spaynel fil doun to my knee,

One sunny
 summer noon I
 took out my hawk
 and spaniel.

The dog put up a
 hen pheasant,
 and I flew my
 falcon at her—a
 pretty sight.

I ran on fast,

but a briar
 brought me to
 grief, and made
 me turn back, for
 on every leaf it was
 written *Reuertere*.

I disentangled
 myself.

My heart fell to
 my toe.
 [Page 62.]

I let the hawk and
 hen fly,

and sighed over
this *Reuertere*.

24 þanne took y me wiþ sizzynge sare
þis new lessoun, reuertere.

It means 'turn
again, or back.'

Turn, then, man
and think of thy
life, open and
hidden.

Reuertere is as myche to say
In englich tunge as, *turne* azen :
Turne azen, man, y þee pray,
28 And þinke hertili what þou hast ben ;
¶ Of þi liuyng be-þinke þee rijfe,
In open & in priuite.
þat þou may come to euerlastinge lijf;
32 Take to þi mynde reuertere.

If thou would'st
go to heaven,
think of '*turne*
again.'

I became serious,

and thought how
I had spent my
life.

I found myself
full far from G^od,

and will repent.

This summer-
noon heat

[¹ Page 63.]

is like

man in youth,
rushing into all
kinds of sin.

Lust blinds many
a man,

and prevents him
thinking of
heaven.

Þis word made me to studie sore,
And binam me al my list ;
How y hadde ledde my lijf so 3ore,
36 I putt it freischli in-to my brist.
¶ þanne foond y me ful fer y-flet
Al from god in maieste ;
Forsope þere schal no þing me leett
40 þat y ne wole synge reuertere.
This noon hete of þe someris day,
Whanne þe sunne moost ¹ hizest is,
It may be likened in good fay,
44 For gregorie witnessiþ weel þis ;
¶ For in 3onge age men wide doon walke
To dyuers synnis in fele degre :
þou3 a 3ong man make a balke,
48 3it take to þi mynde reuertere.

For likinge blindiþ many oon
þat he seep not him-silf y-wis,
And makip his herte as hard as stoon ;
52 þanne þenkiþ he not on heuen blis ;
¶ For danyel preueþ it weel riztfulli,
As susannis storie telliþ me,

Two preestis were deemed worþili ;
56 For likinge þei knew not reuertere.

ȝouþe berip þe hauke upon his hond
Whanne ioilite forȝetip age :
This hauke is mannis herte, y vndirstonde,
60 For it is ȝong & of hiȝ romage.
¶ He puttip his hauke fro his fist,
He þat schulde to god be free ;
He meltip and wexip a weel poore gist
64 Whanne he comeþ to reuertere.

Youth bears the
hawk on his
hand.

The hawk is
man's heart, and

is flown from the
fist, but not to
God.

[Page 64.]

For ful of corage is ȝougeþe in herte,
And waitynge euere on his pray,
He ne spariþ ryuer ne þornes smerte
68 To gete his myrþe þere he beest may.
¶ He þat enserchip þe derknes of nyȝt,
And þe myst of þe morowtide may se,
He schal know bi cristis myȝt
72 If ȝouþe kunne syngre reuertere.

Youth watches
ever its prey, and

sparcs no prick of
thorn to get its
pleasure.

Let the watcher
of the night ask
whether youth
will heed the call
' Turn again.'

This hawk of herte in ȝouþe y-wys,
Pursueþ euere þis feisaunt hen ;
þis feisaunt hen is likingnes,
76 And euere folewiþ hir þese ȝonge men.
¶ þis is likinge in euery synne,
Venial & deedli wheþer it be,
With greet likinge he wole bigynne,
80 But sorewe bringe forþ reuertere.

This hawk, man's
heart, pursues
ever the hen
pheasant
Pleasure.

Lust or Desire is
the beginning of
every sin,

Liking is modir of synnis alle,
And norischip euery wickid dede,
In feeble myscheues sche makip to falle,
84 Of al sorowe sche doop þe daunce lede.
¶ þis herte of ȝouþe is hie¹ of port,
And wildenes makip him ofte to fle,

their mother,
and nourisher,

and of all sorrow
leads the dance.

[1 MS. his.]

[Page 65.]

Youth, through
wildness,

often goes wrong.
Then it should
turn again.

88 And ofte to falle in wickid sort ;
þanne is it þe beste, reuertere.

In pleasure,
think that youth
must leave thee.

But be waar of welþe or þou be woo ;
In iolite whan þou art piȝt,
þinke þat ȝonge wole go þe fro,
92 Be þou neuere so greet of miȝt.

When age takes
thee, thou wilt
think it best to
turn again.

Whanne age haþ take þee bi þe brast,
And for febilnes þou myȝt not se,
þin herte seiþ þanne þat it is best
96 For to seiþ & synge reuertere.

Holy Writ says
that a request too
long delayed will
be refused.

But in holi writt we fynde
If þou þi lord schulde ouȝt aske a þing,
For þi longe beinge bihinde,
100 Aȝenseid art þou of þin askinge.

In youth thou
didst wild out-
rage and forgot-
test Reuertere.

¶ While þou were ȝonge, in tendre age,
Of þin askinge þou were ful free
In ydilnes & wilde outrage ;
104 þanne was forȝete reuertere.

Let every one
think how short a
time he shall be
here.

Perfore euery man biþinke him weel
How litil while is his dwellynge ;
As holy writt yt dooþ telle,
108 He schal not ¹ knowe with-oute lesinge.

Cocks crow when
midnight comes.
Man knows not his
time if he cannot
say Reuertere.

¶ A cok can crowe his tyme mydnyȝt,
Which he knowith weel in his degre :
But his tyme he knowith not ariȝt
112 þat can weel neuere seiþ reuertere.

Think, then, man,
that there is no
so poor wretch as
thou.

Therfore be þou in certein, man,
While þou muste knowe how ;
Biþinke þi silf how þou art þan ;
116 Noon so poore a wrecche as þou !

Pray we all to
God to grant ever-
lasting bliss to all
who can say
‘ Turn again.’

¶ þerfore praye we to heuene king,
Euery man in his degre,
To graunte them þe blis euerlastinge
120 þat þis word weel kan seiþ, reuertere.

Merci Passith Rjztwisnes.

(A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SINNER AND MERCY.)

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., pages 66 to 73 ;
written without breaks.*]

- B**i a forest as y gan walke
 With-out a paleys in a leye,
 I herde two men togidre talke ;
 4 I pouzte to wite what þei wolde seie.
 ¶ þat oon stood in a doolful aray,
 Hise deedli synnis he gan to defie,
 "Alas," he seide, me dreedip to-day
 8 þat rijt wole forþ, & no mercye."
 ¶ þanne answeride merci with sobir 'cheer,
 "Man, me þinkip þi witt is bare ;
 If þou wolt, y schal þee leer,
 12 þee needip not to moorne so sare.
 ¶ I rede þee to foonde to ameende þi fare ;
 Go euery day & heere a messe,
 And schryue þee cleene, & haue noo care,
 16 For mercy passip rijtwisnes."
 ¶ þanne seide þe synner with angri mood,
 "Man, me þenkist² þou docst raue ;
 I woot weel þou canst no good,
 20 þou barist neuere staat but as a knawe.

As I walked I

heard two men
talking.

One was very sad,
fearing that Right
would be done,
without Mercy.

[1 Page 67.]
But Mercy said,
Man, you

need not mourn.

Amend your
ways, hear Mass
daily, be shriven,
and fear not,
Mercy passeth
Righteousness.

The Sinner
answered, Thou
ravest :
[²for þenkip]

as I deserue, so
shall I haue ;

¶ As y deserue, so schal y haue ;
Weel bittirli y schal a-bie ;
I knowe noon helpe þat me schulde haue,
But þat riȝt schal forþ, and no mercie."

Right, not Mercy. 24

Mercy.
If thou wilt give
up thy sin,

¶ þanne seide mercye meeke & mylde,
" If þou wolt fro þi synnes drawe,
þouȝ þou speke þese wordis wilde,
28 To helpe þee ȝit I wolde be fawe.

love God and
repent,
[1 Page 68.]
He is over the
law :
His Mercy ex-
ceeds His Justice.

¶ Loue weel god, þat is my sawe,
Repente þee blyue of ¹ al þi mys ;
Almyȝti god is ouer þe lawe,
32 His merci passiþ his riȝtwisnes."

The Sinner.
[² or *fonoued*.]

I never willingly
did a good deed ;

" Seie me," quod þe synner, " þou foonued ² clerk.
þou coudist neuere rede in no spel ;
I wrouȝte wilfulli neuere good werk ;
36 What riȝt haue y in heuen to dwelle ?

I deserve hell ;

¶ I haue deserued to go to helle,
And þerfore ofte sore sike y ;
My wickid dedis wole me quelle,
40 þere riȝt schal forþ, and no mercye."

my wicked deeds
will kill me.
Right, and no
Mercy, on me.

Mercy.

God shed His
blood for thee and
me,

¶ Mercy seide " þou canst no good ;
God schewiþ þee kyndenes many foolde,
For þee & me he schedde his blood,
44 And suffride woundis bittir & colde.

and bought us
with his flesh.

¶ His fair body to þe iewis was solde
To bie oure synful soulis to blis ;

Thy soul is His.
He will have
mercy.

þi soule is his, y myȝt be bolde ;
48 His merci passiþ his ryȝtwisnes."

The Sinner.

I know God is
good and true,
and loves Truth.

¶ " Forsope," quod þe synner, " þat leue y weel,
þat he is boþe good & kynde,
And þerto trewer þan any steel ;
52 þat he loueþ truþe weel schal y fynde.

¶ How my3t god me of care vnbinde
 Sipeñ god loueþ troupe so verrili ?
 Do way, mercy, þou spillist myche winde,
 56 For ri3t schal forþ, & no mercy."

[Page 69.]
 How then shall
 He free me ?
 Right will pre-
 vail, not Mercy.

¶ Merci seide, "woldist þou god knowe,
 And wiþ good entent mercy calle,
 And to him meekeli þee abowe,
 60 þan schal neuere myscheef in þee falle.
 ¶ þou3 þou haddist do þe synnis alle,
 And þou crie mercy for al þi mys,
 And with good herte on him to calle,
 64 þan wole his mercy passe ri3twisnes."

Mercy.
 If thou wilt really
 pray for mercy,
 though thou hast
 sinned all the
 sins,
 God's Mercy will
 exceed His
 Justice.

¶ "What," quod þe synner, "y trowe þou raue ;
 Canst þou neuere of þi pletinge blyñne ?
 þe deuel bad ne neuere mercy craue,
 68 And he can more clergie þan al þi kynne ;
 ¶ And he him silf is ful of synne,
 And 3it wole he neuere mercy crie :
 I coueite neuere heuen to wyñne
 72 While ri3t schal forþ, & no mercie."

The Sinner.
 Nonsense! The
 Devil bad me
 never ask mercy ;
 and he knows
 more than thou.
 He is full of sin,
 and never asks
 mercy ;
 Justice will
 prevail.

¶ Merci seide "y preue bi skile,
 Witt is nou3t worþ, but grace be sou3t ;
 þe deuel 'Hap clergie & witt at wille,
 76 And euere he settiþ it foule at nou3t :
 ¶ He fil in wanhope as him neuere rou3te,
 þoru3 pride in heuen he loste his blis ;
 Hadde he oonys grace bisou3te,
 80 Merci hadde passid ri3twijsnes."

Mercy.
 The devil's wit is
 no good without
 grace.
 [Page 70.]

He fell into de-
 spair when he
 lost heaven.
 Had he sought
 grace he'd have
 had Mercy.

¶ Whanne þe synner herd þis, he sized sore,
 With rewful cheer greet dool he made,
 And seide, "of þee wole y lerne more ;
 84 þan is the deuel fals and bad,
 ¶ For if he my3te merci haue had,

The Sinner.
 I'll learn of thee.
 The devil must be
 bad if he might
 have had mercy.

He needs be sorry
who gets Right
and not Mercy.
MS. transposes
riȝtwisnes and
mercy.]

88 A þousand sipis y him defie ;
He may be sory & no-þing glad
þat schal haue 'riȝtwisnes & no mercy."

Mercy.

Dear brother,
give up the devil,
who would send
you to hell.

92 **M**ercy biheeld þat semeli goost,
And seide, "leue broþer, forsake þe feend,
For he wolde fayn þi soule were lost,
To dwelle in helle without eend.
¶ Biseche now grace, & god wole sende
And þou wolt do as y þee wijs,
And þan þi soule to heuen schal wende,
96 þere merci passiþ riȝtwisnes."

The Sinner.

[Page 71.]

My past life is
worthless ;
I will serve God ;
may He keep me
from sin.

100 "Alas," quod þe synner, "al my lijf y rue,
For it is no þing as y wende ;
To serue god y wole be trewe
If ony grace he wole me sende.
¶ Of al wickidnes he me defende !
þe fals feend, y him defie ;
He wolde no þing þat y didæ meende,
104 þat biheet me riȝt & no mercia."

Mercy.

Do so, and re-
joice. Be sorry
for thy sin, be
shriven, do

penance, and

repent : Thou
shalt know that
Mercy passes
Justice.

108 **M**erci seide "if þou wolt so,
þou myȝt be glad al þi lijf,
And for þi synne þou maist be woo,
And to a preest cleene þee schriue,
¶ And take penaunce without strijf,
Repyntyng þee of al þi mys,
þan bi þi witt þou maist knowe riȝt
112 þat merci passiþ riȝtwisnes."

The Sinner.

No penance is
enough for me :
not being buried
alive.

116 "Alas," quod the synner, y haue lyued wrong !
What penaunce were y worpi to haue ?
þer may no man sette me to strong
þouȝ y were quicke doluen on graue.

¶ A ! almighty god, mercy I craue,
Now lete my flesche my synnis abie !
Graciose crist ! my soule þou haue,
120 For riȝt is nouȝt wiþout mercie."

Ah God ! haue
mercy. Christ,
take my soul.

[Page 72.]

Mercy seide, "ful weel þou woost,
As þou hast often herd sayen,
What man is founde þat was lost,
124 Wiþ him is crist plesid & fayn.
¶ What nede had crist to suffre payne
But for to bie oure soulis to blis ?
Telle me þi lijf heere al playn,
128 þat mercy may passe riȝtwisnes."

Mercy.

Christ rejoices
over the lost
sinner who is
found.

Tell me all thy
sins.

"**M**y fyue wittis y haue mys spende
þoruȝ pride, enuie, & leccherie :
To þe ten heestis y haue not tende
132 þoruȝ slouþe, wrapþe, & glotenie.
¶ In coueitise lyued haue y,
And neuere dide werkis of mercyes ;
God ! ȝeue me grace or þat y die !
136 þi merci may passe riȝtwisnes."

The Sinner.
I have misspent
my Five Senses ;
disobeyed the
Ten Command-
ments ; lived in
covetousness, and
done no good
works.

God, let thy
Mercy pass thy
Justice.

Merci ȝaf him penaunce stronge,
And seide "man, wolt þou þis take ?
þou muste suffre boþe riȝt and wrong ;
140 If þou þi synne wolt forsake,
¶ In good praiers þou muste wake,
And neuere ¹ wilne to do a-mys ;
And for þi sorewe þat þou doost make,
144 Merci schal passe riȝtwisnes."

Mercy.

Do this penance :
Suffer, and for-
sake thy sin.

Watch and pray.
Never will to sin.
[1 Page 73.]
Then Mercy
shall exceed
Justice.

Pe synner took penaunce wiþ good entent,
And lefte al his wickid synne ;
Whanne he hadde leeuē, away he went

The sinner for-
sok his sins,

and all his
friends ;
did great penance,
and no sin wil-
fully.
He trusted to
God to bring him
to heaven.

148 From alle his freendis, kip & kynne.
¶ In greet penaunce he putte him inne,
And neuere aftir wilfulli dide mys ;
He truste on god heuen to wynne,
152 þere mercy passip riȝtwijsnes.

Lord ! give us
grace, and be
merciful to us.

Almiȝti god ! now make us stable,
And ȝeue us grace weel to spede,
And to us alle bee merciable,
156 And forȝeue us alle oure mysdede.

Mary, guide our
souls to thy Son,

¶ And helpe us, ladi, att oure moost nede,
To þi sone oure soulis þou wys,
And with his mercy fulli us fede

where Mercy pre-
vails over Justice.

160 þere mercy passip riȝtwijsnes. A-M-E-N.

[“As resoun rewlið,” or “Filius Regis Mortuus est,” follows.
It is printed in *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, p. 205, &c.]

The Belief.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 39 ; written
without breaks.*]

¶ **Memento homo quod cinis es, et in cinerem reuerteris.** Remember, man,
that thou art dust.

¶ **Fac bene dum viuis. Post mortem viuere si uis.** Do well while
thou livest.

¶ **Tangere qui gaudet. meretricem qualiter audet.** How does he who
delights to touch
a harlot, dare to
handle the King
of Salvation with
polluted hands.

**Palmis pollutis, regem tractare salutis.
Credo in deum patrem omnipotentem.**

IN pee, god fadir, I bileeue,
 þe firste persooone ful of myzt,
 þat al of nouzt hast maad to meeue,
4 boþe heuen & erþe, day & nyzt.

I believe in God
the Father,

¶ **And in þin oonly goten sone,
 Born of þi silf bifor al þing,
 Oure lord ihesus, þe secunde persooone,**
8 Bothe oo god in heuen beinge.

and in His only
begotten Son,

Jesu Christ,
one with God,

¶ **þe same god þat euere haþ ben,
 And siþen conceyued bi þe holi goost,
 And born of a mayden cleene,
12 Bicause a man in meekenes moost.**

conceiued by the
Holy Ghost, and
born of a pure
virgin,

[Page 40.]

¶ **And riht as in þe trynyte
 Ben persooones þre, substauncis but oon,
 Riht so in pee ben substauncis þre,
16 God, soule, bodi, & al oon persooone.**

(of three sub-
stances, God, soul,
body)

who suffered
under Pontius
Pilate, was
crucified,

and buried,

¶ Undir pilate þou suffridist peyne
Bi fre wil, mankinde to saue,
Nailid on a croos, & þeron slain,
20 And taken doun & biried in graue.

descended into
hell,

but roos again
the third day,

¶ In soule oonli þou wente to helle,
& took þens þi part, it was good riȝt,
But up þou roos in fleisch and in felle
24 þe þrid day bi godli myȝt.

ascended into
heaven,

¶ þou stiȝ to heuen in þi manhede,
And þere þou sittist on þi fadir riȝt side,
But ouer al-where is þi godhede,
28 þere is noon þat from þee him may hide.

whence He shall
come to iudge
both quik and
dead.

¶ þens schalt þou come us alle to deeme,
Boþe quik and dede of adams seed.
With opene woundis & visage breme;
32 þis bileeue makij true men drede.

[1 Page 41.]
I believe in the
Holy Ghost,

¶ I bileeue in þe holi 'goost,
þe þridde persooene in trynȝte,
Of which þre noon is more ne moost,
36 But al oon god in persooones þre.

who makes Holy
Church, by faith-
ful men giving
each to other
what each can.

¶ þe holi goost makij holi chirche
Of feiþful men, bi comynynge
Ech oon to opir what þei kunne worche
40 In holines and good lyuyng.

I believe in the
Forgiveness of
Sins (through the
Sacrament),

¶ Forȝeeuenes y bileeue of synne
Bi þe holi goost and þe sacrament,
If y maye goostli to hem wynne,
44 Or ellis him silfe is euere present.

¶ þouȝ he neuere so present be,
ȝit he wole for ful meekenes

þat y do þerto þat is in me,
 48 Lest contempt lette me of forȝeuenes.

¶ Also y bileue in hool mynde,
 þe holi goost schalle knytte aȝen
 þe soule to þe fleische of al mankinde ;
 52 For al fleish schal ryse þat deef hath slayn.

and that the Holy
 Ghost shall knit
 again all men's
 souls to their
 flesh on their
 resurrection,

¶ þe holi goost schal ȝeue also
 Euerlastynge lijf to alle true men.
 þat we may heere serue þer-to,
 56 ¶ Y rede we seie alle, amen.

and shall give
 everlasting life to
 all true men.

[*The Sixteen Points of Charity*, or "Man, among þi myrþis,"
 printed p. 114, below, follows here in the MS.]

The Ten Commandments.

[*Lambeth MS. 1853, ab. 430 A.D., page 47 ; written
without breaks.*]

Every one should
teach his children
these, and keep
them himself.

EUery man schulde teche þis lore
To hise children *with* good entent,
And do it him-silf euermore,
4 To kepe weel goddis comaundement.

I. Have no false
gods. Worship
God Almighty.

¶ Fals goddis þou schalt noon haue,
But worschipe god omnipotent ;
Make not þi god þat man hap graue :
8 þis is þe firste comaundement.

II. Take not
God's name in
vain. Swear by
no created thing.

¶ Goddis name in ydil take þou not,
For if þou do þou schalt be scheent ;
Swere bi no þing þat god hap wrouȝt :
12 þis is þe secunde comaundement.

III. Hallow the
Holy Day.

¶ Haue mynde to helewe þin holi day,
þou & alle þine *with* good entent ;
Leue seruile werkis & nyce aray :
16 þis is þe þridde comaundement.

IV. Honour thy
Father and
Mother.

[¹ Page 41.]

¶ Worschipe þi fadir & þi modir boȝe,—
þat longe lijf to þee be lent,—
With meete ¹and drink, counfort & cloȝe :
20 þis is þe iiij^e comaundement.

V. Kill no man,

¶ Sle no man *with* yuel wille,
Ensaumple, or tunge, or strokis dent ;

- But euermore do good for ille :
 24 þis is þe fifthe comaundement. but do good for ill.
- ¶ Do no leccherie in al þi lijf ;
 Lete fleischeli knowynge from þee be lent
 Saue oonli bi-twene man & wijf :
 28 þis is þe ~~sixte~~ ^{sixte} comaundement. VI. Commit not
 adultery or
 fornication.
- ¶ þou schalt not stele no maner of þing,
 Ne helpe þerto bi no consent.
 Leue alle fals mesuris & al gilinge :
 32 þis is þe .vij. comaundement. VII. Steal not.
 Use no deceit.
- ¶ þou schalt beere no fals witnes
 For no mater þat may be ment ;
 Seie euere þe soþe, or holde þi pees :
 36 þis is þe .viij. comaundement. VIII. Bear no
 false witness.
- ¶ þou schalt not coueite þi neiȝboris good,
 As hous, lond, catel, ne rent,
 In hindringe of him & of his blood :
 40 þis is þe .ix. comaundement. IX. Covet not
 thy neighbour's
 goods.
- ¶ þou schalt not desire þi neiȝboris feere,
 Ne falsli his seruauant from him hent,
 Ne no good þat he hath heere :
 44 þis is þe .x. comaundement. X. Covet not thy
 neighbour's wife ;
 take not his
 servant or goods
 falsely.
 [1 Page 49.]
- ¶ þese ten to kepe, þou ȝeue us grace
 þat on þe roode was al to-rent,
 In-to his blis þat we mowe passe
 48 At þe laste day of Iugement. Christ, give us
 grace to keep
 these Ten
 that we may
 pass to bliss.

[“ I Warne eche lijf,” p. 107, &c., of this print, follows here in
 the MS.]

Kepe Wel Cristes Comaundement.

[*Vernon MS., ab. 1370 A.D., 408 b., col. 1.*
Printed here for comparison' sake, with the metrical
points, but no stops.]

- I** warne vche leod. þat liueþ in londe.
 And do hem dredles. out of were.
 þat þei most studie. and vnderstonde.
 4 þe lawe of crist. to loue and lere.
 þer nis no mon. fer ne nere.
 þat may him seluen. saue vn-schent.
 But he þat casteth. wiþ concience clere.
 8 To kepe. wel. Cristes Comaundement.
- þow most haue o God. and no mo.
 And serue him boþe. wiþ mayn and miht.
 And ouer alle þinges. loue him also.
 12 For he hap lant þe. lyf and liht.
 3if þou beo nuyzed. day or niht.
 In peyne be meke. and pacient.
 And rule þe ay. be reson riht.
 16 And kepe wel. Cristes Comaundement.
- ¶ And let þi neizhebor. frend and fo.
 Riht frely. of þi frendschupe fele.
 In herte. þat þou wilne hem so.
 20 Riht as þou woldest. þi self weore wele.
 And help to sauene hem. from vncele.
 So þat heore soules. beo not schent.
 And also heore care. þou helpe to kele.
 24 And kepe wel. Cristes comaundement.

Kepe Weel Cristis Comaundement.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 49 ; written without breaks.*]

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>I Warne eche lijf þat liueþ in lond
 And do him dredlees out of were,
 þat he must studie & vndirstonde
 4 þe lawe of god to loue & lere.
 ¶ For þere is no man feer ne neer
 þat may him sillfe saue vnschent
 But he þat castip him <i>with</i> conscience clere
 8 To kepe weel cristis comaundement.</p> | <p>Every man must
 take care to love
 the Law of God.</p> <p>Only he can be
 saved who gives
 himself to keep
 Christ's
 Commandments.</p> |
| <p>Thou schalt haue oon god & no mo,
 And serue him boþe wiþ mayn & myzt,
 And ouer al þing loue him also,
 12 For he haþ lent þee lijf & lizt.
 ¶ If þou be noied bi day or nyzt,
 In peyne be meeke & pacient,
 And rewle þee ay bi resoun riht,
 16 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.</p> | <p>I. Thou shalt
 have one God,

 and love Him
 above every-
 thing.</p> <p>Be patient in
 suffering.</p> |
| <p>Lete þi neize-¹boris, boþe freend & fo,
 Frell of þi freendschip feele ;
 In herte wilne þou hem also
 20 Riht as þou woldist þi silf were wele.
 ¶ Helpe to saue hem from vnsele
 Sc þat her soulis ben not schent,
 And her care þou helpe to kele,
 24 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.</p> | <p>[1 Page 50.]
 Love thy
 neighbour as
 thyself;</p> <p>and help to save
 him from all ill.</p> |

¶ In Idel. Godes nome tak þou nouzt.
 But cese. and saue þe from þat synne.
 Swere bi no þing. þat God hap wrouht.
 28 Be war. his wrappe. lest þou hit wynne.
 But bisy þe her. bale to blynne.
 þat blaberyng are wiþ opes blent.
 Vncoupe *and* knowen. *and of* þi kynne.
 32 And kep wel. cristes comaundement.

¶ In clannes and in cristes werk.
 Haue mynde. to holden þin haly day.
 And drauh þe þenne. from dedes derk.
 36 Wiþ al þi meyne. Mon and may.
 And men vnsauzte. loke þou assay.
 To sauzten hem þenne. at on assent.
 And pore and seke. þou plesse *and* pay.
 40 And kepe wel cristes Comaundement.

¶ þi Fader þi Moder. þou worschupe boþe.
 ʒif þou wolt boteles. bale escheuwe.
 With counseil cum-forte hem. with mete *and*
 clope.
 44 As þou sest. hem neodeþ newe.
 And ʒif þei talke of tales vn-trewe.
 þou torn hem out. of þat entent.
 And cristes lawe. help þat þei knewe.
 48 And kep wel cristes. Comaundement.

¶ Sle no mon. wiþ wikked wille.
 Be war. and vengeaunce tak þou non.
 In word. ne dede. loude. ne stille.
 52 Bakbyte þou no mon. blod ny bon.
 But ay let gabbynges. glyde and gon.
 A-wey wher þei wol. glace. or glent.
 And help þat alle men ben aton.
 56 And kep wel cristes comaundement.

- G**oddis name in ydil take þou nouȝt,
 But ceesse & saue þee from þat synne;
 Swere bi no þing þat god haþ wrouȝt,
 28 Be waar his wrappe lest þou so wyne.
 ¶ But bisie þee euere her bale to blinne
 þat wiþ blaberinge oopis ben blent,
 Vncouþe & knowen of þi kynne;
 32 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

II. Take not
 God's name in
 vain.

Swear by no
 thing that God
 has made,

but keep from the
 bale of blabbering
 oath-swearers.

- I**n clennes and in cristis werk
 Haue mynde to halowe þin holi daye,
 And drawe þee þanne from dedis derk
 36 Wiþ al þi meyne, man & may.
 ¶ Men vnsoft, loke þou asay
 To soften 'them to good assent,
 Helpe poore and sike to please & pay,
 40 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

III. Hallow thy
 Holy Day, with

all thy household.

Try to soften
 unsoft men,

[1 Page 51.]
 and to help the
 poor and sick.

- Þ**i fadir & modir worschipe boþe—
 If þou wolt botelees bale eschewe—
 With councelle, counforte, meete & cloþe,
 44 As þou seest þat hem nedip newe.
 ¶ And if þei talke of wordis vntrewe,
 þou turne hem out of þat entent,
 And cristis lawe helpe þat þei knew,
 48 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

IV. Honour thy
 Father and
 Mother with
 counsel, food, and
 clothes.

Turn them from
 untrue words, and
 help them to
 know Christ's
 law.

- S**le no man with wickid wille;
 Be waar, of veniaunce take þou noon;
 Eerli ne late, lowde ne stille,
 52 Backbite no man, blood ne boon,
 ¶ But lete euere gabbing glide & goon
 Away, wheþer it wole glase or glent;
 And helpe þat alle men were at oone,
 56 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

V. Slay no man:
 take no venge-
 ance.

Backbite no one,

but let gabbing
 go by.

Help on peace.

- ¶ Stele þou nouȝt. þi neiȝebors þing.
 Nouȝur wiȝ stillenes. ne wiȝ strif.
 Nor *with* no maner. wrong getyng.
 60 þi self þi seruaunt. child. ne wyf.
 To sulle *and* buye. ȝif þou be ryf.
 Wayte al way. þat wrong be went.
 As þou wolt lyue. þe lastyng lyf.
 64 þou kepe wel. cristes comaundement.

[Col. 2.]

- Fals witness. loke þow non bere.
 ȝif þow wolt. in blisse a-byde.
 þi neiȝebore. wityngly to dere.
 68 Ne no mon nouȝer. in no syde.
 But loke þat no mon. be a nuyȝed.
 And þou may him. from harmes hent.
 And help þat falshede. beo distruiet.
 72 And kep wel. cristes comaundement.

- ¶ Sunge þou not. in lecherie.
 Such lust vn leueful. let hit pas.
 Consente þou not. to such folye.
 76 þat founden is so foul trespas.
 And loke. þat nouȝer more ne las.
 þi lykyng. on þat lust be lent.
 Leste þou synge. þis songe allas.
 80 For brekyng. of cristes comaundement.

- ¶ þi neiȝebors wyf. coueyte þou nouȝt.
 Vnleuefully. a-ȝeynes þe lawe.
 Wiȝ hire to sunge. in word ne þouȝt.
 84 And from þat deede. euer þou þe drawe.
 And neuer sey. to hire no sawe.
 To make hire. to synne assent.
 Ne plese hire not. *with* no mis plawe.
 88 But kep wel. cristes comaundement.

Synne þou not in leecherie ;
 Such lust vnleefful, lete it passe ;
 Consente þou not to þat folie
 60 þat founden it is so 'foule a trespase.
 ¶ And loke þou, neiþer more ne lasse
 þi liking on þat lust be lent,
 Lest þou singe þis song ' alas
 64 For brekinge of cristis comaundement.'

VI. Sin not in
 Lechery and
 unlawful lust ;

[¹ Page 52.]

set not thy lik-
 ing on it

lest thou repent it.

Stele þou nouzt of þi neiȝboris þing
 Neiþer wiþ stilnes ne *with* strijf,
 Ne *with* no maner of wrong goetynge,
 68 þi silf, þi seruauent, child, ne wiȝf.
 ¶ To hie & sille if þou be riȝfe,
 Loke euere þat wrong away be went :
 If þou wolt han euerlastinge liȝf,
 72 Kepe weel cristis comaundement.

VII. Steal no-
 thing of thy
 neighbour's.

Cheat not in
 buying and
 selling.

Fals witnes, loke þat þou noon bare ;
 If þou wolt in blis a-bide,
 þi neiȝbore wilfulli þou ne dere,
 76 Ne noon þat woneþ þee biside ;
 ¶ But loke þat no man be anoied
 If þou may him from harmes hent,
 And helpe þat falshede were distroied,
 80 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

VIII. Bear no
 false witness.
 Injure not thy
 neighbour,
 but keep every
 one from harm.
 Help to destroy
 falsehood.

Þi neiȝboris wiȝf coueite þou nouzt
 Vnleeffulli aȝens þe lawe
 Wiþ hir to synne in dede or þouȝt,
 84 But from þe dede euere þou drawe,
 ¶ And ceesse, & seie to hir no sawe
 To make hir for to synne assent,
 Ne please hir not *with* no nyce plawe,
 88 But kepe weel cristis comaundement.

IX. Covet not thy
 neighbour's wife,
 [Page 53.]

and say and do
 nothing to make
 her assent to sin.

¶ Þi neizhebors hous. wenche ne knaue.
 Vnskilfully. coueyte þou nouht.
 Ne ȝit his good. with wrong to haue.
 92 For hit. lest þou to bale be brouht.
 For whon þe soþe. schal vp be souht.
 ȝif þou in to þis sunnes assent.
 Ful bitterly. hit mot be bouȝt.
 96 For brekyng of cristes. Comaundement.

¶ Vche mon þat wol. þis lessun lere.
 And loueþ. a laweful lyf. to lede.
 He may not misse. on none manere.
 100 þe merþe of heuene. to his mede.
 For crist him here. wol helpe *and* hede.
 And heþene. in to heuene hent.
 For þi I. preye. þat crist vs spede.
 104 Kuyndely to kepe. his comaundement.

- T**hi neiȝboris hous, wenche, ne knawe,
 Vnleeffulli coueite þou nouȝt,
 Ne opir good, wrong to haue,
 92 Lest þou for it to bale be brouȝt.
 ¶ For whanne þe soope schal be up souȝt,
 If þou to þis syȝne assent,
 Ful bittirli it schal be bouȝt
 96 For brekinge of cristis comaundement.
- E**ch man þat wole þis lessoun lere,
 And louep a lawful lijf to lede,
 He ne may mys on no manere
 100 þe myȝis of heuen to haue to meede ;
 ¶ For crist wole him heere helpe at nede,
 For from hens to heuene be wole him hent,
 For-þi praie we þat crist us spede
 104 Kindeli to kepe his comaundement. Amen.
- Covet not thy
 neighbour's
 house, maid, or
 man,
 for at the Last
 Day thou shalt
 pay bitterly for it.
- No man who
 learns this lesson
 can miss the joys
 of heaven,
 for Christ will
 take him there.
 Let us pray Him
 that we may keep
 His Command-
 ments.

[“There is no creatour but oon,” printed pp. 18-21, follows here in the MS.]

The Sixtene Poyntis of Charite.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 42 ; written without breaks, except lines 6-12, 21-4.*]

Man, remember
whence thou
camest, and
whither thou
goest,

and that hereafter
thou may'st see
thy Lord as His
chosen child in
Charity.

Man's highest
task is to live a
just life.

God told St Paul

in the third
heaven the 16
points of Charity.

Though I speak
with angels'
tongues, and have
not Charity, I am
but as a brazen
cymbal.

[Page 43.]
And though I can
move mountains,
I am worthless if
I want Charity.

- M**An, among þi myrþis haue in mynde
From whens þou come & whidir þou teendis,
How freelli þou fallist & filist þi kinde !
4 Arise & make of þi mys ameendis,
¶ þat of þis world whanne þou out wendis,
þou maist in heuene þi lord god se
Among hise apostolis & dere freendis
8 As a chosen child in charitee.
- T**he hijest lessoun þat man may lere
Is to lyue iust lijf, if þou wolt loke,
Yf þou haue grace to holde & heere,
12 Is playnli printid in poulis booke.
¶ For god to poul þis lessoun tooke
in þe þridde heuen, hijest of þre,
Euery man to cunne & looke
16 þe sixtene propirtees of charitee.
- 'T**houz y speke,' seiþ seint poule,
'As augils doon, or with meennis tunge,
If charite be not in þi soule,
20 I am but as a brasen symbal song.
¶ And þouz my bileeue be neuere so strong
So þat mounteyns be meued bi feiþ of me,
I am not worthi to god so longe
24 As me wantiþ charite.

- T**houz y to poore men zeue al my good,
 And my bodi to brenne pere hoot fier ys,
And charite be not in my mood,
 28 It profitiþ me not to heuen blis.
 ¶ But for god wolde it schulde not mys
 To knowe in charite whanne we be,
 He tauzte poul to teche al his
 32 þe .xvj. Poyntis of charite.

And though I
 give my body to
 be burned, and
 have not Charity,
 it profits nothing.

God told Paul to
 teach his dis-
 ciples the 16
 points of Charity.

- ‘Charite,’ he seiþ, ‘is pacient,
 Alle disesis meekli suffringe,
 Benigne also in hir entent,
 36 Kindelid *with* fier of good lyuyng;
 ¶ Neuere enuyose for ony þing
 To freend ne foo, wheþir it be,
 But euere glad to goddis plesing
 40 To cherische alle men in charitee.

1. Charity is
 patient, and

2. Benign,

3. Never envious,

- Charite** doop neuere wickidli
 Bi purpos of wil, ne wickid dede,
 Ne blowen ¹is *with* pride þouȝ sche be welþi,
 44 For to greue god is hir moost drede;
 ¶ For in helle depe schal be her meede,
 A low wiþ lucifir for to be
 þat for blynde pride wole take noon hede
 48 lowli to lyue in charite.

4. Never does
 wickedly,
 5. Is not puffed
¹ [Page 44.]
 up with pride,

- Charite** is not coueitose toold
 Of worschipe ne of wronge wynnyng,
 For wiþ ypocritis sche may not holde,
 52 Ne consente *with* wrong getyng.
 ¶ Sche sechiþ not hir owne þing
 for hindringe of neiȝboris þat myȝte be,
 For manye perels ben in pletyng
 56 þat acorden not *with* charitee.

6. Desires no
 honour or wrong
 gains,

7. Seeketh not her
 own,

8. Is not easily
provoked,

Charitee wole no þing be wroop
For harmes þat hir silf may hent,
But for to synne, al oonli is hir loop,
60 Aȝens goddis comaundement.
¶ Charitee þenkiþ noon yuel in hir entent,
But stintiþ strijf, & stoonðiþ free ;
Al yuel wil, it wolde were went,
64 And chaungid al for charite.

[Page 45.]
10. Rejoiceth not
in iniquity, but

Of wickidnes charite is not glad,
Bi lauȝter ne bi no likinge,
But euere sobre, soft, & sad,
68 In þouȝt, in word, & in worching.
¶ To riȝt & troupe is hir ioiȝng,
To maynteine truþe where-euere sche be,
With feiþful and true folk Is hir dwelling,
72 For suche ben chosen in charite.

12. Charity
beareth all things,

Alle þingis sche beriþ vp meekeli,
For al hir wronge schal turne to game ;
Sche falliþ not vnder for vilonye,
76 For los, for sijknes, ne for schame.

13. Believeth all
things,

¶ Alle þingis sche trowiþ wiþ-out fame
þat goddis lawe techiþ truþe to be,
And biðiþ þerbi for ony blame,
80 For suche ben children of charitee.

14. Hopeth all
things,

Alle þingis sche hopiþ to haue in blis ;
For suche sche suffriþ & serueþ heere ;
For of mercy sche may not mys
84 þat þis lesson wole loue & lere.

15. Endureth all
things.

¶ Sche abidiþ alle þingis with good chere
þouȝ sche þinke longe þe eende to se,
For of reward sche haþ 'no were
88 þat þus abidiþ in charite.

- C**harite falliþ neuere a-way
 From him þat it in charite wole holde,
 Bifore ne aftir domys day,
 92 But encresip in blis an hundrid folde.
 ¶ Whanne al tresour is tried & tolde,
 Al help to blis is in þese þre,
 Feiþ, hope, & charite, noþing colde ;
 96 þe mooste of hem is charite.'
- B**i charite, man, þou must loue more
 God þan silf, þe soop to say,
 For þis is þe lord-is owne lore,
 100 With al þi power him please & pay ;
 ¶ Thi neizbore also, wiþ-oute nay,
 Loue as þi silf saaf to bee ;
 To freend & fo holde faste þi fay,
 104 And chaunge þou neuere fro charite.
- I**f we þis lessoun we loue & leere,
 And take it truli to oure entent,
 We schulen haue knowinge good & cleere
 108 Who ben blamelees & who ben schent.
 God, þat hast us oure lijf lent,
 Graunte þat we may oure ¹ silf to enserche
 & se,
 As þou for us on roode were rent,
 112 þou chese us to þee for charite. A-M-E-N.

16. Charity never
falleth.

All help to bliss
is in these three:
Faith, hope,
charity :
and the greatest
of these is
charity.

It makes thee
love God above
thyself,

and thy neighbour
as thyself.

If we learn this
lesson, we shall
know who will be
blessed and who
punished.

God grant that
[¹ Page 47.]

Christ may choose
us, for His love.

[“Euery man schulde teche þis lore,” printed p. 104-5, follows
here in the MS.]

Quindecim Signa ante diem Iudicij.

[MS. B. 11. 24, Trinity College, Cambridge ;
ab. 1450, A.D.]

Lord of Heaven,
have mercy on us!

I will tell of the
xv. Signs before
Doomsday.

I. Rain shall fall,
bitter as gall,

red as blood,

and overwhelm
the whole world,

and terrify chil-
dren unborn.

II. The Stars
shall fall from
heaven.

- Kynge of grace, & ful of pyte,
Lord of heuyn, I-blyssyd þou be !
Haue mercy on vs, we the beseche,
4 Or we lese our wytt & speche !
xv. tokenys telle I may
That shal come before doomys day,
As it is seyde yn the prophecie,
8 In the book of Jeremye.
Herkenyth now þe tokenynge
That þe firste day shal brynge :
Fro heuyn shal a rayne falle,
12 Hit shal be byttyr as eny galle,
Hytt shall be as red as any blod,
Ouyr all þe worlde a grymly flod ;
Hytt schalle ouergo wyth large mett
16 Alle that ys in erth I-sett :
The chyldeyn vn-born Aferd shall be
Of thys tokenynge, as I telle the,
And meue hem tyll our Syth
20 Ryth as þey speke myth.
The secunde day ys stronge with alle :
The sterryys shal fro heuyn falle,
So dredfulle and so breyth
24 As the fyre off þe dondyr lyth.

- Men schalle say, "welle-away !
Thys ben the tokenys off domys day !"
They schall cry & syke sore,
- 28 And say, "lord, mercy, thyn ore!" [¹ MS. thynore]
The iij^{de} day ys off syche : III. The Sun
In erthe and in heuyn-ryche
The hye son thatt ys so bryth,
- 32 So fayr, and so full off lyth,
Hitt schalle be swarte as any pyche : shall turn black
as pitch.
Alle thatt shall be rewlyche.
Men schalle þen sone se
- 36 Att mydday hytt schalle swarte be ;
All thatt ben on lyve
Schalle thys wordys dryve.
"Alas thatt we scholle Abyde
- 40 To se þis sorowe in Euery syde !"
The iiijth day ys swythe longe, IV. Everything
With wepynge & wyth sorow Amonge :
All þat in erthe stonde on earth shall
turn into red
blood
- 44 Schall to red blod wende ;
They schalle drawe hem to þe grownde,
Ther schalle they dwelle butt no stownde,
To the see þey schalle for drede, and flee to the sea.
- 48 Ryth as moyses the prophytt sayde,
Thatt the mone schalle rewly falle The Moon shall
fall from heaven.
And wynd outt of hys reche stalle.
The man schalle say to hys wyff
- 52 "Alas þatt we be nowe Alyve!"
The vth day comyth swythe ; V. All beasts
shall hold up their
heads towards
heaven.
For euery best þatt ys on lyve,
Toward heuyn her hedd schall holde.
- 56 For thatt wonþer As y yowe tollde,
Men schalle say, "lord, thyn ore
Off our sorowe & off our sore !"
Thys tellyth the prophecy
- 60 In þe booke of Jeromy. Men shall pray
God mercy,

- Welle we schalle vndyrstonde
Thatt cristyndom hatt vnperfonge.
“Thatt day, Ihesus to vs se
and ask Christ to
[¹ Omitted, and
inserted in
Margin.]
bring them to
bliss.
VI. The Trees
shall turn upside
down,
and children
shall die.
VII. All castles
shall fall down!
[² MS. down]
The hills
shall be lowered
and fill up the
valleys,
so that all the
earth shall be
even.
VIII. A day of
dread.
The Sea will rise
and flee,
and be driven up
to the clouds by
the wind.
All living
will wish to be
hid under the
earth.
- 64 As þou¹ vs bowtyst vppon a tre,
Thatt we may com to þy blysse
Lord, when þy wille ys !”
The vj day schall down Falle
68 The treys with þe croppys alle,
And toward þe erthe the croppys schalle be.
For fere the man schalle lese hys wyff,
The wyff her chyld, þe chyld hys lyff ;
72 Alle thatt leve schall lese here wytte ;
Wo they be thatt schalle a-byde hytte,
Bettyr they were to be oute off lyve
Than soche payne for to dryve.
76 The vij day schalle fall down
Chyrche and castelle and euery town² ;
All schall to-breke ; and euery hylle
Shalle lowe, valeys For to Fylle ;
80 The erthe schalle [be] shene and clene ;
In þis worlde alle schalle be evyn ;
Than schalle þe worlde evyn be :
Wo ys he þat thatt schalle se !
84 The viij day ys a day off drede,
Ryth as moyses þe prophytt seyde
Thatt the see woll ryse & fle,
Thatt euery best aferd schall be ;
88 Than for drede hytt woll ryse & flowe
With wawys grete, & stormys towe :
Thorowe the strength off þe wynd
Into the Welken hitt schall slynge ;
92 All thatt leuyth þatt day
Wold fle away, but þey ne may ;
Vndyr erthe I-hydd they wold be
Thatt Ihesu cryst scholl nott hem Ase.
96 Then wolle the see wytdrawe,

- And wend to hys owyn hawe.
 Godd of heuyn, þat best may,
 Hauē mercy on vs vppon þatt day !
- 100 The ix day, wondyr hytt ys,
 As the prophecy tellyth hytt I wys :
 Thatt all þynge schall speke þan,
 And cry in erthe aftyr þe steuyn off man,
- 104 And be-mone hem self in owr syȝth
 Ryth as þey speke myth.
 Lord Ihesu, thy myth þou fullfelle !
 We be sorry þatt we dede agayn þi wille
- 108 Or with towyth or with dede.
 Lord Ihesu ! brenge vs oute of þis drede
 Thatt we may com to rest !
 Ther bale ys most, & bote ys nexte.
- 112 The .x. day ys day of welaway
 As gregory sayth, and Jeromy :
 Than schalle knele þe angelys bryth
 Before þe face of godd allmyth.
- 116 Seynt peter, noþer his felow-redde,
 Dar nott speke A word for drede ;
 They schalle se heuyn vngo,
 And þe erthe schall Also,
- 120 They schalle schryke & crye lome
 For þe drede of þe grett dome.
 Develyn schall com oute off helle
 As seynt Johan doyth vs tell,
- 124 They schalle kry, “ lord, thyn ore
 Off our sorowe & of our sore !
 Lett vs to heuyn com !
 Longe þou hast hytt vs be-nome
- 128 For our gylt, and our mysdede,
 And for our awyn wykkyd rede ! ”
 Thys ys a day of moche sorowe ;
 A strongyr comyth on the morrowe.
- 132 The xi day comyth lyche,
- IX. As the prophecy tells,

 all things on earth shall speak with the voice of man and bemoan themselves.
- Jesu, bring us from this dread to rest, with Thee.
- X. A day of lamentation.

 The Angels shall kneel before God.
- Peter and his companions shall not dare to speak. Heaven and earth shall move on-wards (?)
- Devils shall come out of hell
- and pray God to
- let them come back in to heaven.
- XI. Great storms

- shall rage ;
all rocks and
stones shall clash
together,
and all the world.
- 136 With stronge stormys sykyrlyche,
And alle the stonys moche & lyte
Scholle to-gedyr sore smyte ;
Alle the worlle schalle to-dryve ;
Wo be þey þatt ben on lyve !
- The Rainbow
shall be twisted,
and the Devils
shall run back to
hell.
- 140 The rayn bowe Iwryyd schalle be,
Grymlyche In syȝth for to see.
Than the deuelyn schalle swyde ren,
And for fere to helle torn ;
God wille say, "ther schull ye be,
Ther schall ye wone & be war,"
- 144 God grownte so to be-tyde
Thatt we may be on bettyr syde !
The xij day ys dredfulle than,
For than was neuer schappe of man
- XII. This day
is dreadful.
- 148 That wolle þatt god dyd hym ryth
Yff he dyrst, & most of myth.
Angelys thatt hym seruyn alle
Scholl for vs vppon kneys falle
- Angels shall fall
- 152 To goddys feett for our syn ;
And for the loue of all man kyn.
Lord we be-seche the
In þi mercy for to be !
- at God's feet for
us.
- Lord, be merciful !
- XIII. Of this day,
- 156 Dredfully comyth the xiiij day
To all þatt Abyde hytt may.
Fro the begynnyng of Adamys com
Tylle the end of þe day of doome,
- no one can tell
half the sorrow.
- 160 Ne myth no man in booke rede
Half the sorow, noþer half þe drede,
That god schalle say than
When he comyth down yn schappe of man,
- All the stones on
earth
- 164 For alle the stonys grett and smale
Thatt byth in erthe withoutyn tale,
All they schalle to-gedyr drynge,
And euerychon to oþer dyng ;
- shall drive
against one
another
- 168 They schall ryse & grynd so

- Thatt þe fyr fro hem schalle go ;
 They schall bren also bryth
 As þe fyr of þe dondyr lyth.
- 172 The xiiij day ys A day of sorowe ;
 Stronge fyr schalle com on þe morow,
 Ther schalle nothyng in þys worlle leve
 Butt schalle bren to morow tyll eve.
- 176 Thys passyth nott swythe sone ;
 On the morow ys þe day of doome.
 The xv day comyth swythe :
 For euery man þat was on lyve
- 180 Fro Adamys tyme, the fyrst man,
 Alle to the dome schalle com than,
 Euery man of xxxⁱⁱ wynter olde,
 All schall com þe dome to be-holde ;
- 184 Euery man schalle opere mete
 Att the mownte of olevett.
 Two angelys schall blowe her bemys ;
 The folke schall com alle attonys.
- 188 Fulls sore than they may Agryse
 Whan they shulle to þe dome aryse,
 Two angelys schall com be-forne
 With þe scourges, and with the crowne of thorn
- 192 With drewry cher and sory mode
 As hytt on hys hedd stode ;
 And the sper al so scharpe
 As hytt stod on hys hertt.
- 196 For no enuy, ne for no pryde,
 Longeus hym stonge dorow þe syde :
 Longeus then styll stode,
 On hys fyngorys ran þe blod,
- 200 He strokyd ther-with hys eyn ryth,
 They be-coom as cler as candylly3th.
 " Kyng and lord full of pyte,
 Thys mys-gylt þou for-yeue me !
- 204 I dyd hyt for non evyll dede,
- so that fire shall
 fly from them
- like lightning.
- XIV. Fire shall
 come in the
 morning and
 burn up every
 thing on earth
 till the evening.
- XV. The Day of
 Doom.
 All men that
 have lived since
 Adam's time,
- every one made 30
 years old,
 shall come
- to Mount Olivet.
- Two angels shall
 blow their
 trumpets,
- two shall bring
 the scourges that
 beat Christ, and the
 Crown of Thorns
- as it stood on
 His head,
 with the spear,
 as it stood on His
 heart.
 (Longeus, the
 soldier, did not
 pierce Christ
 from envy or
 pride, but
- put Christ's
 blood on his eyes,
 and they became
 as clear as candle-
 light.
 ' Piteous Lord,
 forgive me, who
 pierced Thee, my
 guilt.')

- Angels shall
bring the Cross
and bloody nails.
- Then Christ, sad,
shall come,
- and say, "Man,
see what I
suffered for thee!
I was
- crowned with
thorns.
And thou lovedst
to swear by My
eyes, hair, and
pains,
- My five wounds,
teeth, tongue,
heart, lungs,
- side, brains and
head,
[¹ ? *heved*]
nay, My soul.
- Such shame thou
didst me!
- Thou wouldst not
feed or help me.
- What hast thou
suffered for Me?"
- Then comes Our
Lady, weeping
- tears of blood,
- and saying,
- "King and Lord,
my sweet Son,
[² *thee*]
grant me to-day
my prayer.
Lose not Thy
handiwork
- No^{per} for no covetyse of mede."
 Angelys schall brenge þe rode bryth, ¹
 With bloddy naylys precyous of syth.
 208 Then comyth our lord *with* drewry mode,
 Wyth armys I-spredd all on blod :
 "Man, now þe soth þou mayst I-se,
 Whatt I sufferd her for the.
 212 Thys passyon I sufferd her for þe :
 I-cronyd I was *with* thornys of a tre ;
 Thys was to the leff for to swere
 Be my eyn & be myn here,
 216 And be my paynys that wher stronge.
 Man, hytt was þe fulle ryve
 To swere be my wowndys fyve,
 Be my tethe And my tonge,
 220 Be my hertt and be my longe,
 Hytt thowyth the fulle grett pryde
 For to swere be my syde,
 Be my brayne & be my hedd ; ¹
 224 be my sowle I was ofte be-revyd.
 Man, hytt was full grett dyspyte
 So ofte to make me edwyte !
 Thou woldyst nott clothe me, ne fede,
 228 Thou woldyst nott helpe me att my nede !
 Man ofte þou hast for-sworn me !
 Man what sufferst þou for me ? "
 Than comyth our lady hem be-fore—
 232 In blyssyd tyme was she I-bore—
 With terys rennynge alle on blodd,
 Sore wepynge *with* drewry modd ;
 "Fadyr, & son, and holygost,
 236 Kyng and lord as þou wost,
 My swete son, I praye de ²
 My bone to day þou grawnt me !
 Thy honde warke þat þou hast wrowyth,
 240 My dere son, for-lese hem nowhte !

- Thou bowst hem wyth þy blodd
 And with þy flessch vppon þe rode ;
 My swete son, I pray the
 244 For all mankynd þat I may be ;
 Graw[n]te hem þy swete blysse,
 None of hem þatt þou ne mysse."
 "Modyr, thy wille I-fullfyllyd shall be,
 248 Thy bone to day I grawnt hytt þe ;
 The goode y wille lese nowth,
 My hondwerke that I haue wrowth.
 Thys þatt walde nott serue me,
 252 My blysse schalle they neuere se,
 Into payne they schalle wende,
 To haue^a hytt euere withoutyn ende.
 My chyldryn þat haue seruyd me,
 256 In my blysse they schall euere be ;
 Ye scholl com with me to heuyn
 With angelys songe and mery steuyn.
 And he clepyth hym be-fore,—
 260 In blyssyd tyme wer they I-bore,—
 He spekyth to hem myldelyche,
 "Comyth with me to my kyngdome ryche."
 Lord we be-seche þe
 264 Thy swete blysse þatt we mott se ;
 When we com to oure lyvys ende,
 Into thy blysse þat we mot wende,
 And grawnt vs thatt hytt so be !
 268 Amen, Amen, lord, For charite !
- bought with Thy blood.
 I pray Thee,
 grant all men Thy bliss ;
 miss none ! "
 "Mother, thy will shall be done.
 I will not lose the good.
 Those who would not serve Me
 shall go to everlasting torment.
 [^a *Awe* repeated in MS.]
 My children, who have served Me,
 shall come with Me to heaven."
 Lord, grant us to see Thy bliss when we die !
 Amen !

[For the meaning of l. 182, see Hampole's *Pricke of Conscience*, ed. Morris, 1863, p. 135, lls. 4983-90.

þan sal alle ryse in þe same eld þan
 þat God had fully here als man . . .
 þan was he of threty yhere elde, and twa,
 And of thre monethes þar-with alsawa ;
 In þat elde alle sal ryse at the last
 When þai here þe grete bemes blast.]

Who can not Wepe, com lerne of me.

(THE VIRGIN'S SONG OVER HER DEAD SON.)

[MS. O. 9. 38, Trin. Coll. Cambridge. Written
mostly as prose.]

A woman fair
sat weeping

over her dead son
lying in her lap,

lamenting
how Jesus
was robbed of
his life, :

saying, 'Who
cannot weep,
come learn of me.'

"I cannot weep."

'Nature shall
make thee,

thy father is
dead;

my son is robbed
of his life.'

Sodenly A-frayd, halfe wakyng half slepyng,
and gretly dysmayd, A woman sate wepyng,
With fauour in here face far passyng my reson,
4 And of here sore wepyng þis was þe encheson ;
Here sone yn here lappe layd, sche seyde, sleyn
by treson :
yf wepyng myȝt rype be, hit semyd then yn seson.
Ihesus, so sche sobbed,
8 so here sone was bobbed
And of hys lyue robbed ;
Seynge thys wordys as y sey the,
" Who can not wepe, com lerne of me."

12 y seyde y cowde not wepe, y was so hard hertyd.
Sche answerd me schortly with wordys þat
smartyd,

" Lo, nature schall meue þe ; thou must be
conuerted,

thyn owne fadyr thys nyȝth ys dede : " thys
sche twertyd :

16 " Ihesus, so my sone ys bobbed,
and of hys lyue robbed.
ffor soth then y sobbed

- Veryfying thys wordys, seyng to the,
 20 Who can not wepe com lerne at me.”
- “Now, breke hert, y the praye ! thys cord lyeth
 so rulye,
 So betyn, so woundyd, Entretyd so fuly.
 What wyȝt may be-hold, and wepe not ? none
 truly,
 24 to see my ded dyre sone bledynge, lo, thys
 newly !”
- Euer styлле schee sobbed,
 So here sone was bobbed
 And of hys lyue robbed.
 28 Newyng these wordys, as y sey the,
 “Who can not wepe, com lerne at me.”
- On me sche cast here yee, and seyde, “see, man,
 thy brother !”
 Sche kyste hym, and seyde, “swete, am y not
 thy modyr ?”
- 32 And swonyng schee fylle ; ther hyt wold be no
 nothyr :
- y not whych more dedlye, the tone or the todyr.
 yett sche reuyued, and sobbed
 how here sone was bobbed
 36 & of hys lyue robbed.
- “Who can not wepe,” thys ys the lay,
 And with that wordys schee vanyschyde A-way.
 ffinis.
- ‘Break, my heart!
 for my son so
 foully used.
 Who could see
 him and not
 weep ?’
 So still she sobbed
 how her son was
 slain.
 She kissed him ;
 she swooned ;
 and reviving, she
 sobbed how her
 son was bobbed,
 and then vanished
 away.

The Death of Archbishop Scrope

(WHO WAS BEHEADED, 8 JUNE, 1405).

[From MS. R. 4. 20, Trin. Coll. Cambridge, on a blank leaf at the end of Lydgate's *Siege of Thebes*.]

Wise Bishop
Scrope
is dead,

but by Mary's
help he may
rise to heaven.

On the hill
he took
his death right
willingly.

His executioner
knelt to him
and asked his
forgiveness.

He granted it,
asking for five
strokes
to send him
to heaven.

Hay hay hay hay thynke on Whitsonmonday.
The bysshop Scrope that was so wyse
Nowe is he dede and lowe he lyse hay
To hevyns blys yhit may he ryse
4 Thurghe helpe of Marie that mylde may

When he was broght vnto the hylle
He held hym both mylde and styll hay
He toke his deth with fulle gode wyll
8 As I haue herde fulle trewe men say

He that shulde his dethe be
He kneled downe vppon his kne hay
Lord your deth forgyffe it me
12 Fulle hertly here to yowe I pray

Here I wyll the commende
y^u gyff me fyve strokys with thy hende hay
And then my wayes y^u latt me wende
16 To hevyns blys that lastys ay

[Compare Hall's Chronicle, *Hen. IV.* fol. xxv (ed. 1550) W. A. W.]

EXTRACT FROM *HALL'S* AS TO ARCHBISHOP SCROPE'S
DEATH. ED. 1542 P (HY. ELLIS) FOL. XXV.

KYNG HENRY THE .IIII.

¶ THE SIXT YERE.

IN this yere the Earle of Northumber-
lande, which bare styll a venemous
scorpion in his cankered heart, and coude
not desist to inuent and deuise waies and meanes howe
to be reuenged of kyng Henry and his fautours, began
secretely to communicate his interior imaginacions and
priuie thoughtes with Richard Scrop, Archebishop of
Yorke, brother to william lord Scrop, treasurer of
England, whome kyng Henry (as you have heard) be-
headed at the towne of Bristow, and with Thomas
Mowberey, erle Marshal, sonne to Thomas duke of
Norffolke, for kyng Henries cause before banished
the realme of England, and with the lordes, Hast-
ynges, Fauconbridge, Bardolfe, and diverse other
whiche he knewe to beare deadely hate and inward
grudge toward the kyng. After long consultacion
had, it was finally concluded and determined amongst
theym, that all they, their frendes and alies, with all
their power, should mete at Yorkeswold at a day
appointed, and that therle of Northumberland should
be chefetaine and supreme gouernour of the armie,
which promised to bring with him a great number of
Scottes.

This sedicious conspiracye was not so secretly kept,
nor so closely clokod, but that the kyng therof had
knowledge, and was fully aduertised. wherfore to pre-
uent the time of their assembly, he, with suche power
as he could sodainly gather together, with all diligence

The vi
yere.

The Earl of
Northumberland
conspired with

Archbishop
Scrope,

Earl Mowbray,

and others, against

Henry,

and all agreed to

meet at Yorkes-
wold on a day
appointed.

But before this
Henry marched
northwards,

marched toward the North parties, and vsed suche a celeritie in his iourney that he was thither come with all his hoste and power before the confederates hearde any inkelyng of his marchyng forward ; and sodainly there wer apprehended the archebishop, the earle Marshall, sir Iohn Lampley, and sir Robart Plumpton. These personnes wer arrained, atteinted, and adiudged to die ; and so on the Monday in Whytson weke all they withoute the Citie of Yorke were beheaded.

Here of necessitie I ought not, nor will not, forgeate how some foolishe and fantastick personnes haue wrytten, howe erronius Ippocrites and sedicyous Asses haue endited, howe superstitious Fryers and malycious Monkes haue declared and diuulged—bothe contrary to goddes doctrine, the honoure of their prince, and common knownen veritie—that at the howre of the execucion of this Bishop (which of the Execucioner desired to haue fve strokes in remembrance of the fve woundes of Christ) the kyng at the same tyme syttyng at diner had .v. strokes in his necke by a person inuisible, & was incontinently stricken with a leprey ; which is a manifest lye, as you shall after plainely perceiue.

What shall a man say of suche writers whiche toke upon them to knowe the secretes of Goddes iudgement ? what shall men thinke of suche beastly persones, whiche, regardyng not their bounden dutie and obeisance to their prynce & souerain Lorde, enuiet the punishment of traiters and torment of offenders. But what shall all men coniecture of suche whyche, fauor-ynge theyr owne worldly dignitie, their owne priuat auctorite, their owne peculiar profit, wyl thus iuggle, raile, and imagine fantasies agaynst their soueraigne lorde and Prince, and put them in memorye as a miracle to his dyshonor and perpetuall infamy : well let wyse men iudge what I haue said.

apprehended
Archbishop
Scope and others,

who were all
doomed to die on
Whit-Monday
outside York.

Seditious Asses
said that at the

Archbishop's
execution,
when he asked for
5 strokes, re-
membering
Christ's 5 woundes,
King Henry had
5 strokes in the
neck ;
which is a lie.

What shall we

think of these
beastly persons,

these jugglers and
railers ?

Let wise men
judge.

GLOSSARY.

- Abie, p. 26, l. 130 ; p. 96, l. 22, pay for, atone for; A.S. *abicgan*.
 Abowe, p. 97, l. 69, bow, bend, humble.
 Adwiten, p. 70, l. 396, blame, accuse; A.S. *edwitan*.
 Azenleid, p. 94, l. 100, denied.
 Aggregidist, p. 52, l. 346, *aggreger*, to aggravate. Cotgrave.
 Agryse, p. 123, l. 188, A.S. *agrysan*, to fear.
 Among, p. 81, l. 59, at intervals, 'amonge, or sum tyme, *interdum, quandoque*.' P. Parv.
 Apeelee, p. 71, l. 433, Fr. *appeler*, to accuse, appeach, or charge with. Cot.
 Aslake, p. 80, l. 47, A.S. *aslacian*, slacken, dissolve.
 Aslope, p. 54, l. 427, aside.
 Asswage, p. 79, l. 10, quiet down; Fr. *assouager*, to assuage, quiet, still, pacifie. Cot.
 Attir, p. 24, l. 62, poisonous.
 Ausantage, at his, p. 81, l. 70, in his power, control.
 Awaite, p. 76, l. 593, ? watch.
 Balke, p. 92, l. 47, baulk, a mess of his life.
 Beerde, p. 13, l. 50, woman, maiden.
 Beete, p. 12, l. 11, A.S. *gebétan*, to amend, atone for.
 Bemys, p. 123, l. 186, trumpets; A.S. *béme*.
 Bigoon, p. 16, l. 40, overwhelmed; A.S. *begán*, to go over.
 Bihatid, p. 82, l. 24, thoroughly hated.
 Bihizt, p. 19, l. 52, promised; A.S. *beháten*.
 Bikir, p. 46, l. 15, strife.
 Binam, p. 92, l. 34, took away from; A.S. *benám*.
 Bitake, p. 20, l. 74, commit; A.S. *betæcan*.
 Bleere, p. 60, l. 78, mock, scorn; 'I gyue him the best counsayle I can, and the knaue *bleareth* his tonge at me, *tirer la langue*.' Palsgrave.
 Blynne, p. 97, l. 66, cease.
 Blyue, p. 46, l. 177; p. 96, l. 30, quickly.
 Bobbed, p. 126, l. 8, beaten; 'bobet on the heed, *coup de poing*.' Palsgrave.
 Boone, p. 6, l. 21, prayer; A.S. *ben*.

- Bote, p. 11, l. 104, remedy ; A.S. *bót*.
 Boteles, p. 108, l. 42, remediless.
 Breme, p. 102, l. 31, ?not A.S. *breme*, glorious, but 'brym or fers. *Ferus, ferox*.' Pr. Parv.
 Brode, p. 37, l. 77, abroad, about.
- Careful, p. 16, l. 39, full of care and trouble.
 Cesoun, p. 42, l. 28, ?seizin, possession, or 'take a cesoun,' stay a season or time.
 Chesoun, p. 42, l. 32, cause, reason ; O.Fr. *achaison*, occasion.
 Clene, p. 1, l. 7, pure ; 'Clene, *mundus, purus*.' Pr. Parv.
 Clennesse, p. 64, l. 197, purity.
 Clinge, p. 85, l. 68 ; p. 89, l. 20, A.S. *clingan*, to wither, cling, or shrink up.
 Conclude, p. 77, l. 605, shut up.
 Contrarie, p. 37, l. 87, go contrary to.
 Coorde, p. 38, l. 111, accord, agree.
 Coast, p. 34, l. 63, Fr. *costé*, a coast or quarter. Cotgrave.
 Countirtaille, p. 71, l. 416, Fr. *contretaille*, the one part of a tallie, or score, already marked, or notched. Cotgrave.
 Croppys, p. 120, l. 68, tops ; A.S. *crop*, top, bunch, berry.
 Cunne, p. 114, l. 15, A.S. *cunnan*, to know.
 Cus, p. 12, l. 22, kiss ; A.S. *cus*, *cyss*.
- Daswen, p. 68, l. 338, become dazed or dim ; Du. *duyster*, dim.
 Defie, p. 95, l. 6, fear for ?
 Delice, p. 78, l. 633 ; Delijs, p. 42, l. 43, Fr. *delices*, delights, pleasures.
 Dere, p. 110, l. 67, injure ; A.S. *derian*.
 Derworpiest, p. 52, l. 352, A.S. *deorwurde*, precious, of great value.
- Diffence, p. 60, l. 63, Fr. *defense*, answer, argument.
 Discure, p. 63, l. 165, discover.
 Dispence, p. 63, l. 157, gain, reward ?
 Disceyuable, p. 86, l. 7, deceitful.
 Disperage, p. 74, l. 508, incongruity ; O.Fr. *desparager*, to offer vnto, or impose on, a man vnfit, or unworthie conditions. Cot.
 Dondyr, p. 118, l. 24, thunder.
 Drewis, p. 60, l. 66 ? draughts.
 Drynge, p. 122, l. 166, A.S. *þringan*, throng, rush.
 Dwyenne, p. 27, l. 176, dwindle ; A.S. *dwīnan*, to pine, fade, waste away.
- Edwyte, p. 124, l. 226, reproach, twitting ; A.S. *edwīte*, reproach, disgrace, contumely.
 Encheson, p. 10, l. 75, occasion ; O. French, *achaison*.
 Ensure, p. 18, l. 9, cock sure.
 Entensioun, p. 21, l. 92, ?excuse, or mind.
 Eruest, p. 69, l. 350, harvest ; A.S. *hærfest*.
- Faite, p. 77, l. 595, ?deceive ; O.Fr. '*faiteus*, criminel, coupable.'
 Fare, p. 95, l. 13, goings on, ways, life.
 Fawe, p. 96, l. 28, fain, glad.
 Felle, p. 25, l. 92, ?fail, or fell.
 Fen, p. 26, l. 121, mire, mud.
 Fere, p. 38, l. 111, company ; *in fere*, together.
 Fere, p. 86, l. 16, companion, person.
 Filist, p. 114, l. 3, defilest.
 Flaite, p. 75, l. 532, Du. *vleyden*, to flatter, to sooth, or to entice with faire [words]. Hexham.

- Fleme, p. 18, l. 17, banish ; A.S. *flyman*.
 Florische, p. 89, l. 18, ornáment, deck.
 Foisoun, p. 43, l. 64, Fr. *foison*, plentie, great fullnesse. Cot.
 Fondid, p. 8, l. 23, tried ; A.S. *fandian*, to try.
 Foondi, p. 95, l. 13, try.
 Foonued, p. 96, l. 33, foolish?
 For, p. 19, l. 35, 40, because.
 Forbeere, p. 60, l. 76, restrain.
 Forclonge, p. 18, l. 31, A.S. *clingan*, to wither, pine, or shrink up ; *forclungen*, shrunk.
 Forlete, p. 30, l. 250, A.S. *forlætan*, to let go.
 Forpi, p. 24, l. 89, for that reason.
 Foulden, p. 73, l. 485, fold, bend.
 Frame, p. 44, l. 97, † A.S. *freme*, profit, advantage.
 Frauhte, p. 76, l. 590, freight, load.
 Frike, p. 23, l. 26, glad, joyful ; A.S. *frician*, to dance, frisk.
 Gesoun, p. 64, l. 206, † Fr. *gesse*, a common sinke or sewer ; a gutter for the voiding of ordure. Cotgr. Not. E. *geason*, rare, strange.
 Gist, p. 93, l. 63, show.
 Glewe, p. 29, l. 236, A.S. *gleow*, joy, mirth, glee.
 Grame, p. 63, l. 168, A.S. *grama*, anger, rage, wrath.
 Greede, p. 14, l. 73, greet, moan ; A.S. *grætan*, to weep, cry out.
 Gril, p. 83, l. 12, sharp, unkind ; O.N. *grila*. H. Coleridge.
 Hadde-y-wist, p. 73, l. 497, had-I-known (what would have happened), after-regret.
 Happe, p. 89, l. 26, wrap over, cover for defence ; Isl. *hypia*, Jamieson.
 Harewide, p. 53, l. 385, tore open.
 Hawe, p. 121, l. 97, A.S. *hæh*, hole, den.
 He, p. 59, l. 39, they.
 Hende, p. 7, l. 25, gentle.
 Hildande, p. 23, l. 55, beholden.
 Hirde, p. 17, l. 52, A.S. *hirde*, a shepherd.
 Ho, p. 14, l. 71, halt, stop.
 Homeli, p. 63, l. 163, familiar.
 Hore, p. 83, l. 13, hoar, hoariness.
 Hote, p. 41, l. 15, be called ; A.S. *hátan*.
 Ilke, p. 23, l. 54, every.
 Insiht, p. 66, l. 250 ; p. 69, l. 339, 'insyght, *inspexio*, *circumspectio*.' Promptorium.
 Kinde, p. 20, l. 59, nature.
 Kipe, p. 11, l. 92, show ; A.S. *cyðan*, to make known, declare, show.
 Kynde, p. 9, l. 53, nature ; A.S. *ge-cynd*.
 Kyndeli, p. 8, l. 19, natural ; A.S. *ge-cyndelic*.
 Lappid, p. 3, l. 50, wrapped ; 'Lappyn, or whappyn yn cloþys (happyn to-gedyr, wrap togeder in clothes). *Involvo*.' P. Parv.
 Lauzt, p. 30, l. 249 ; p. 76, l. 586, caught, taken ; A.S. *læccan*, to seize.
 Leeme, p. 52, l. 335, A.S. *leoma*, light, flame.
 Leepis, p. 47, l. 181 ; p. 72, l. 451, A.S. *leap*, a basket, hamper.
 Leere, p. 8, l. 5, teach ; A.S. *læran*.
 Lees, p. 16, l. 45, lies.
 Leit, p. 48, l. 226 ; Leite, p. 52, l. 355, lightning ; A.S. *lihting*.
 Lende, p. 23, l. 41, lent ; A.S. *lened*.
 Lent, p. 105, l. 26, put away ? ; † A.S. *lengde*, put off, *perf.* of *lengian*.

- Lete, p. 28, l. 186, leave, cease ; A.S. *letan*, let go.
- Lewide, p. 67, l. 303, lay, ignorant.
- Leye, p. 95, l. 2, field after the crop is cut, *clover ley*, &c. ; ? not A.S. *lagu*, a district in which a certain law was in force.
- Likerose, p. 20, l. 55, lecherous.
- Likid, p. 8, l. 16, pleased.
- Liking, p. 3, l. 50, pleasant.
- Likinge, p. 92, l. 49 ; p. 93, l. 77, 81, lust.
- Likingly, p. 91, l. 20, pleasantly.
- List, p. 4, l. 3 ; A.S. *list*, wisdom, science, power, faculty ; *lyst*, desire, love, admiration.
- Lome, p. 121, l. 120, frequently ; A.S. *gelóme*.
- Maistris, p. 20, l. 80, mastery, (see p. 33, l. 58.) ? not tricks.
- Mammillis, p. 1, l. 5, breasts, paps ; Pappe, *Mamilla*. P. Parv.
- Maugre, p. 65, l. 215, reviling, railing ; Fr. *maugréer*, to curse, re- uile extremely, raile on de- spightfully.
- Mawmetis, p. 45, l. 118, idols.
- Medele, p. 20, l. 86, mingle.
- Meene, p. 1, l. 4, remember ; A.S. *mœnan*.
- Meete, p. 1, l. 6, food.
- Melle, p. 53, l. 387, meddle.
- Mengid, p. 59, l. 51, A.S. *men- gian*, mix, mingle.
- Mett, p. 118, l. 15, measure ; A.S. *mete*.
- Mydmore, p. 83, l. 17, mid- morning.
- Mynde, p. 9, l. 25, ? mention, or A.S. *myne*, memory.
- Mynne, p. 24, l. 78, remember.
- Myscheue, p. 90, l. 46, come to grief.
- Mystire, p. 76, l. 572, need ; Fr. *mestier*, need, lacke, necessitie, want. Cotgrave.
- Nempne, p. 6, l. 7, name ; A.S. *nemnan*.
- Newyng, p. 127, l. 28, renewing, repeating.
- Nuyzed, p. 106, l. 13, annoyed, troubled.
- Nyce, p. 53, l. 390, Fr. *niais*, a simple, witlesse, and vnex- perienched gull. *Nice*, lither, lazie, sloathfull, dull, simple. Cot.
- Nym, p. 53, l. 371, take ; A.S. *niman*, to take.
- Of, p. 98, l. 101, from.
- Ore, p. 119, l. 57, mercy.
- Ouerhope, p. 68, l. 331, too much confidence, sanguineness.
- Paieth, p. 24, l. 58, pleases.
- Pay, p. 14, l. 80, satisfaction, pleasure ; *payé*, satisfied, con- tented. Cotgrave.
- Pilis, p. 64, l. 182, peels, holds, castles.
- Pizt, p. 3, l. 61, pitched ; p. 4, l. 13 ; p. 94, l. 90, placed ; p. 12, l. 16, put, dressed.
- Pooste, p. 43, l. 79, power.
- Port, p. 93, l. 85, mien.
- Prest, p. 45, l. 116, quickly.
- Prouz, p. 50, l. 288, advantage, profit ; Fr. *prou*.
- Pure, p. 18, l. 11, purify.
- Pursue, p. 68, l. 328, follow, strive.
- Put, p. 73, l. 475, throw, casting.
- Queed, p. 6, l. 18, wicked one, devil ; Dutch, *quaad*.
- Qwart, p. 23, l. 2, of good heart or cheer ; O.Fr. *quor*, courage.
- Qweme, p. 18, l. 15, A.S. *cweman*, to please.
- Race, p. 48, l. 238, A.S. *ræs*, rush, attack ; cp. millrace.

Raper, p. 88, l. 16, earlier, sooner.
 Rapir, p. 86, l. 9, preferable.
 Releef, p. 47, l. 181, leavings.
 Remewe, p. 20, l. 69, remove.
 Rere, p. 70, l. 379, late. *Rere* suppers are complained of in Waddington (b. 1300), Robert of Brunne, 1303, A.D., and many other writers.
 Rereage, p. 73, l. 483, arrears.
 Reueþ, p. 30, l. 257, bereaves, takes away.
 Riȝt, p. 46, l. 170, upright, straight.
 Rijfe, p. 92, l. 29, much; Du. *rijf*, rife, abundant.
 Romage, p. 93, l. 60, roaming.
 Rouȝte, p. 36, l. 38, recked; A.S. *rôhte*.
 Rowne, p. 63, l. 163, whisper.
 Ruli, p. 10, l. 68, grievous; p. 89, l. 27, sad, mournful; A.S. *hreoſu*, grief, penitence; *hreoſu-lic*, cruel, mournful.
 Ryve, p. 124, l. 217 (see *rijfe*), customary, frequent.
 Sadli, p. 8, l. 7, fixedly.
 Sale, p. 57, l. 502; Fr. *salle*, hall.
 Saugȝte, p. 76, l. 592, A.S. *saht*, reconciled.
 Sauȝten, p. 108, l. 38, reconcile; A.S. *sehtian*. Note the change to *soften* in the later text, p. 109.
 Schende, p. 11, l. 118, shame, disgrace, ruin; A.S. *sceond*, shame, disgrace.
 Schendiþ, p. 53, l. 374, A.S. *scendan*, to confound, shame, reproach, revile.
 Schille, p. 65, l. 232; schylle and sharpe, *acutus*, *sonorus*.
 Schowr, p. 44, l. 96, A.S. *scúr*, battle, fight.
 Sconfitith, p. 46, l. 154, discomfits.

Scryue, p. 58, l. 2, describe.
 Secke, p. 76, l. 589, sack, bag.
 See, p. 13, l. 54, seat.
 Seelde, p. 41, l. 6, seldom.
 Seete, p. 37, l. 89, set.
 Sege, p. 2, l. 35, seat; Fr. *siège*.
 Seruile, p. 104, l. 15, of service, of business.
 Sijke, p. 78, l. 634, sickness; Du. *ziek*, sick.
 Sikir, p. 33, l. 50, certain, sure.
 Skile, p. 9, l. 33, reason; O.N. *skil*.
 Slake, p. 11, l. 112, become slack, cease.
 Slidir, p. 49, l. 269, slydyr (or swypyr as a wey). *Lubricus*, P. Parv.
 Smerte, p. 93, l. 67, smart, pain, prick.
 Soote, p. 29, l. 248, sweet one.
 Spaynel, p. 91, l. 4, spaniel; Fr. *espagneul*, a Spaniell. Cot.
 Spousebriche, p. 47, l. 188, adultery.
 Spurne, p. 43, l. 76, A.S. *spurnan*, to strike with the heel; p. 91, l. 11, spurned.
 Spute, p. 46, l. 164, dispute.
 Stabilte, p. 26, l. 144, fixedness, firmness.
 Stie, p. 90, l. 48, ascend.
 Stiz, p. 55, l. 460, ascended; AS. *stigan*, to ascend, rise.
 Stintith, p. 116, l. 62, stoppeth.
 Sue, p. 20, l. 68, follow.
 Suffraunce, p. 33, l. 50, Fr. *souffrance*, sufferance, forbearance, patience, abiding.
 Sunge, p. 110, l. 73, sin; A.S. *syngian*.
 Superflue, p. 89, l. 30, superfluous.
 Swarte, p. 119, l. 33, dark, black (swarthy).
 Swing, p. 28, l. 203, A.S. *swingan*, to whip, scourge.

Swipe, p. 69, l. 348, quickly.
 Swyde, p. 122, l. 140, quickly.
 Swynk, p. 89, l. 32, A.S. *swinc*,
 labour, *geswinc*, affliction,
 torment.

Temynge, p. 4, l. 20, childbirth ;
 A.S. *teám*, offspring ; *teámian*,
téman, to propagate, beget.

Tende, p. 69, l. 369 ; tenden, p.
 41, l. 6, attend.

Tene, p. 24, l. 71, A.S. *teóna*,
 injury, wrong.

þat þat, p. 51, l. 310, that which.

þee, p. 63, l. 176, thrive.

þertille, p. 9, l. 37, thereto, in
 addition.

þirle, p. 26, l. 147, pierce ; A.S.
þirlan.

þole, p. 23, l. 27, A.S. *þolian*,
 suffer.

þrong, p. 13, l. 27, driven, forced ;
 A.S. *þringan*, to press, crowd.

þrouz, p. 13, l. 32, A.S. *þruh*, a
 chest, coffin, sepulchre, grave.

Tille, p. 27, l. 168, to.

Toberste, p. 30, l. 251, burst all
 to pieces.

Tobreke, p. 29, l. 247, break to
 pieces.

Torent, p. 20, l. 82, rent to pieces.

Towe, p. 120, l. 29, tough, harsh ;
 A.S. *tōh*.

Towyth, p. 121, l. 108, thought.

Twertyd, p. 126, l. 15, retorted ?
 A.S. *hwæorfan*, to turn.

Twynne, p. 23, l. 37, separate.

Tyne, p. 25, l. 103, A.S. *tynan*,
 to hedge in, enclose, shut, close.

Uertu, p. 67, l. 300, power,
 strength.

Vertu, p. 72, l. 455, power,
 strength.

Vncele, p. 106, l. 21, unhappiness.

Vndirfonge, p. 69, l. 367, receive,

take ; A.S. *underfangan*, under-
 take, receive.

Vndirnome, p. 50, l. 289, ? took-
 est up or under, objectedst to ;
 A.S. *underniman*, to undertake,
 comprehend.

Vngo, p. 121, l. 118, ? *vn* for *um*,
 round ; A.S. *ymbgan*, go round.

Vndren, p. 84, l. 25, A.S. *undern*,
 the third hour, 9 a.m., extend-
 ing also to noon.

Vnleueful, p. 110, l. 74, unlawful.

Vnnepe, p. 70, l. 373, A.S. *un-
 edelice*, uneasily, with difficulty,
 scarcely, hardly.

Vnourne, p. 71, l. 404, A.S.
vnórulic, old, worn.

Vnsauȝte, p. 108, l. 37, unfriend-
 ly ; A.S. *seht*, friendship, peace ;
unseht, want of friendship, en-
 mity. Note the *unsoft* of the
 later text, p. 109.

Vnschent, p. 106, l. 6, unpunished.

Vnskilfully, p. 112, l. 90, un-
 reasonably ; *see* *skil*.

Vnsperid, p. 41, l. 15, set free,
 unlocked ; 'speryn, or schet-
 tyn, *claudio* ; speryn and schette
 wythe lokkys. Sero, obsero.' Pr.
 Parv.

Waitist, p. 50, l. 288, plannest.

Wake, p. 32, l. 8 ; p. 99, l. 141,
 watch ; A.S. *wæcan*.

Wan, p. 13, l. 41, wonnst, wentest.

Waterless, p. 20, l. 53, without
 water.

Wedde, p. 10, l. 60, pledge ; A.S.
wed.

Wede, p. 12, l. 18, garment ; A.S.
wéd.

Welkid, p. 24, l. 68, faded, turned
 white ; A.S. *wealcere*, a fuller,
 a whitener of cloths.

Wem, p. 83, l. 13, spot, A.S. *wem*.

Wente, p. 9, l. 51, gone.

Were, p. 106, 107, l. 2, danger ;

- A.S. *wér*, a fine for slaying a man; p. 116, l. 87, doubt?
 Weuere, p. 77, l. 603, weaver, contriver, schemer.
 White, p. 72, l. 450, quick, active; same as
 Wize, p. 63, l. 150; Sw. *vig*, active; '*wyfe*, or *delyvyr*, or *swyfte*, *Agilis*, *velox*.' Pr. Parv.
 Wiztli, p. 13, l. 41, swiftly, or powerfully.
 Wijs, p. 98, l. 94, teach.
 Wis, p. 11, l. 115; Wisse, p. 14, l. 68; A.S. *wissian*, to instruct, guide, govern.
 Wite, p. 34, l. 67; p. 99, l. 4, know; A.S. *witan*.
 Wiyte, p. 35, l. 8, 16, &c., blame, reproach, impute, ascribe to; A.S. *witan*, *witun*.
 Wone, p. 11, l. 120, dwell; A.S. *wunian*.
 Woniynge, p. 28, l. 199, dwelling.
 Woost, p. 39, l. 35, knowest.
 Worschipide, p. 53, l. 401, honoured.
 Wreche, p. 16, l. 35, vengeance; A.S. *wræc*.
 Zeere, p. 65, l. 244; p. 67, l. 286, ? A.S. *geare*, certainly.
 Zeme, p. 52, l. 340; A.S. *giman*, govern, take care of.
 Zernynge, p. 28, l. 197, yearning, desire.
 Zore, p. 92, l. 35, formerly.
 Yflet, p. 92, l. 37, fled, gone.
 Yhit, p. 128, l. 3, yet.
 Yloore, p. 79, l. 5, lost; A.S. *loren*.
 Ymet, p. 81, l. 74, dreamt; A.S. *metod*.
 Ynne, p. 69, l. 359, ?bring in, not let in; A.S. *innan*, to go in, enter.
 Ynow, p. 76, l. 567, enough.

NOTES.

P. 58. *Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life*. "The auncient sages by curious notes haue found out, that certaine yeeres in mans life be very perilous. These they name climacterical or stayrie yeares, for then they saw great alterations. Now a climactericall yeare is euery seauenth yeare . . . Hence is it that in the seauenth yeere children doe cast and renew their teeth. In the fourteenth yeere proceedeth the strippling age. In the one and twentieth, youth. And when a man hath past seauen times seauen years, to weete, nine and fortie yeares, he is a ripe and perfect man. Also, when he attaineth to ten times seauen yeeres, that is, to the age of threescore and ten, his strength and chiefest vertue beginnes to fall away." W. Vaughan, *Natural and Artificial Directions for Health*, 1602, pp. 47-8.

P. 128. Archbishop Scrope's Death. See the Latin Poem on this in Mr. Thomas Wright's "Political Songs," v. 2, p. 114-18.

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